TEN CENTS A COPY

Salmon Not Running, by Bliss Perry, on page 474

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Dual Life

EVER since, in Ariel and Caliban, Shakespeare played with the idea of environment and touched with his imagination the mysterious forces of nature, still vext by men and shaping in their turn the restless human,—ever since, and before, the problem of skies and men has troubled philosophy. Science and literature both have speculated upon the subtle changes of north and south, sea and land, heat and cold. Huntington has linked energy with variability of temperature, but in specific characteristics we are not much more precise than the distinctions of the old quatrain (undoubtedly misquoted)—

> The mountain sheep are sweet
> But the valley sheep are fatter.
> Therefore it seemed us meet
> To feed upon the latter.

Count Keyserling, in his new book, "America Set Free," devotes the longer part of a long chapter to discussing the inadaptation of the American to his environment, which accounts, he thinks, for most of our troubles. We are nomads, not yet at home in the land. He might have taken his text from Wordsworth.

Like Wordsworth, but with less excuse, Keyserling takes his environment in terms of nature. It is the high skies, the broad plains, the electric atmosphere, the new soil still only half mastered, yet, in the East, already half relinquished, that he seems to have in mind, although he avoids description. He might have learned from his compatriot, Spengler, to whom he turns for other help, that environment must now have other definitions. The new city agglomerations of which Mr. MacKaye wrote in a recent number of the *Review*, or as Spengler calls them, the megalopolitan centers, are the total environment now for a large fraction of modern civilization. It is a true environment, with its own skies, noises, smells, temperature, and psychic atmosphere, and, if man is moulded by his surroundings, must be one of the most powerful determinants that has ever existed. It is a machine-made environment, and will produce inevitably machine-made men and women, which is not to condemn them with a word, but to describe a constant influence in their making. And even if environment is stretched to include the total of cultural and traditional influences in a given region, still the megalopolitan life may be more powerful in its concentration and intensity than any other.

Yet this is by no means certain. Nature, which throughout the romantic period was the resort of sensitive minds, was then perhaps even more powerful. The nature to which poets and philosophers from Rousseau and Wordsworth down have sent us, was not the ruthless nature of tooth and claw, but Mother Nature, whose patterns of beauty and rhythms of life refreshed the seeker with a sense of partnership in the universe and a conviction of harmony with universal law.

Environment today may be either of nature or the machine, and it is important that writers who speak of our national or racial characteristics, and the shaping of our *mores*, should know which they mean when they talk of our adaptations. This is particularly important when the reference is to the United States, where adaptation to a new soil was still admittedly imperfect when the machine age reached its present height. So far as environment is concerned, the New Yorker and the Viennese are subject to influences more nearly identical than a resident of Chicago's loop and the Illinois farmer of the cornbelt just outside.

But if a new environment has been created, as powerful if less varied than nature's, the power of choice remains, and, what is more important, the power of alternation. The young in this generation here and in England (but not apparently in Continental Europe) have given up nature as a stimulant too weak. They run (literally and figuratively) too fast through the country to feel its beneficence. Only the congestion of the city slows them down to the feeling point. The machine and the machine-like has them in power. The advocates of nature would say that their brittle restlessness was a result. Cause and effect may run the other way; but this is certain, that if environment does mold and shape and sometimes control, then the wise will not trust themselves to the machine-made city without recourse elsewhere. Nor need they declare for Arcadia. The city mass is nothing to be afraid of, and only barbarians would wish to destroy it, though

(*Continued on page* 470)

Dew On a Dusty Heart

(Schubert Quartet in D Minor)

By JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

If come into this world again I must
And take unto myself another form,
Oh let it be unblemished by a mist
Of imperfections, or the line infirm.
And let it shapen to a secret wish
Untouched, untinctured even by a dram
Of earthiness; nor let the fretted wash
Of passion fray the fine-immaculate dream.

Oh let me come back as a melody
New as the air it takes, no taint of ill
To halt such lovely flying as birds do
Going from infinite nought to infinite all.
Giving to dusty hearts that lag at even
The dewy rest they dream of and call heaven.

This Week

"The Tree Named John."
Reviewed by NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT.

"Animals Looking at You."
Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"The House of Gold."
Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL.

"Pidgin Cargo."
Reviewed by CHARLES BATCHELDER.

Yankee Doodle Dandy.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"The Gothick North."
Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD.

Next Week

Christmas Book Number.

A Diplomat's Memoirs*

By J. W. T. MASON

SIR CECIL SPRING RICE, British Ambassador at Washington during the first two and a half years of the world war, missed his calling. He should have been a writer. His powers of observation were large, he was at ease with his pen, and he had a fastidious intellect. But, he possessed a persistent tendency, as his letters show, to decide events in advance and then make his analyses of day by day developments fit into his predetermined conclusions. That is a serious handicap in diplomacy. However much prophesy is needed for properly coördinated diplomatic activities, far more necessary is the competence to value opportunism.

Statesmanship fails when it seeks to peer too deeply into the future. There are always unexpected possibilities lurking around the corner of time and diplomacy is a fluctuating thing which must constantly readjust itself to changing realities. British diplomats in general know subconsciously that the future makes itself and cannot be made before it is. The ruthless logic of the French mentality is seldom present among the British. The creative factor of life which demands a constant awareness to take advantage of sudden and novel opportunities is present predominantly in the British mentality. It may be called opportunism or "muddling through"; but that is a false conclusion. Fundamentally it rests on the belief that life is not mechanistic and anything may happen in this most undetermined world.

Spring Rice could not readjust himself to changeing his conditions. He complained frequently in his letters that he disliked diplomacy and wanted to get out of the service; but he never did, until eventually he was removed from his Washington post because he had not realized that a new diplomacy which must deal with public opinion in the open had been made by the war for democracy. On November 27, 1914, he wrote from Washington to Sir Valentine Chirol:

> There are still people who want us to take a more active part in influencing the press in opposition to the German Press Bureau which is working so energetically night and day. If we could manage a Press Bureau with success it might be advisable to try the experiment. But at the present moment the larger part of the American people are with us or rather against our enemies, not from our merits but owing to the demerits of the antagonist. Their deeds are mightier than their words. Would it be worth while to try and alter a situation which is on the whole favorable? What really would tell in our favor is a cessation of football matches and an increase in recruiting. . . . The feeling here is more anti-German than pro-English, and any failure on our part in courage or energy or persistence or earnestness would tell far more against us than any number of German articles.

In this paragraph is admirably shown Spring Rice's weakness and strength. He was an analyst of no mean ability; but he had little sense of creative action. As a psychologist, he could see defects with aloof impersonality. But he was not the man to overcome them by his own efforts. He was astonishingly frank in his correspondence and had a veritable passion for writing letters, but, when the time came to use the spoken word and take advantage of his opportunities at Washington to become the public spokesman for his country, he became taciturn and timid. Many of his friends called him

* THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIP OF SIR CECIL SPRING RICE. Edited by STEPHEN GWYNN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. 2 vols. $10.

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"Springy" because of his name. At Washington, some of the newspaper correspondents called him "the mountain goat" because of his beard. Both names fitted his character in his dealings with the press. He bounded away constantly, while von Bernstorff, suave and ingenious, was a constant news source at the German Embassy. Von Bernstorff made the most out of an indefensible and impossible condition. Spring Rice made the least out of the natural advantages which were on his side in dealing with the press.

So, later during the war, the British government sent Lord Northcliffe as its publicity agent in America. But, Spring Rice while evincing a desire to bury differences with the man who he considered had published libels against him, nevertheless was of no coöperative help in the British desire for more open diplomacy. Northcliffe had not, himself, sufficient finesse for the post. Eventually, Lord Reading came and understood the needs better. Spring Rice was recalled, rather brusquely, by Arthur Balfour. A few months after, he died, perhaps overwhelmed by the humiliation, for his nature was, as Mr. Gwynn says, abnormally sensitive. He left his family in a difficult financial position since pensions to British diplomats cease when the recipients die. A group of American friends subscribed $75,000, the income to be paid his wife for life and after her death to the two children to the age of thirty-five, after which the money is to be used to endow a traveling scholarship for Balliol (Oxford) students entering the diplomatic service.

This tribute to the memory of Spring Rice from Americans shows the direction of his friendships. His intimate associates in Great Britain were among the lesser lights. His closest friends, as his letters reveal them, were Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. John Hay, too, was on cordial terms with him, and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Lodge were his frequent correspondents. Among Britons, he opened his heart to Chirol, foreign editor of the London *Times*, to Ronald Ferguson, now Lord Novar, to Luxmoore, his Eton tutor, and one or two others. But it was to Roosevelt that Spring Rice looked with fascinated eyes, though he was not averse to ruffling the Colonel now and then. The man of action held him the closest perhaps because his own mind did not lead him to ways of direct activity.

Spring Rice was one of the most experienced of diplomats as far as first-hand observation of the four corners of the world could develop experience in him. He was at Washington in his younger days long before he returned as Ambassador. He held posts in Berlin, Petrograd, Tokyo, Teheran, and elsewhere. He had two major ideas. He was convinced that Germany was constantly conspiring against Great Britain and that Anglo-American intimacy ought to develop, perhaps to dominate the world. As history has written itself, one may say these were not bad influences to guide a British diplomat. But Spring Rice seemed unable, all too often, to discern other factors in international relations and appeared even to consider all else of minor importance. He was a Cato in diplomacy.

His letters show a persistent desire to make the flesh creep, as Roosevelt wrote him. He felt himself in the midst of diabolical schemes to undermine Great Britain and whenever American opinion for the moment did not seem to be moving in the direction of a British *entente*, he was up in arms. He seemed specially fearful that his beloved "Theodore" would fall under the influence of the German Kaiser. Roosevelt wrote him in 1897:

> As a German I should be delighted to upset the English in South Africa and to defy the Americans and their Monroe Doctrine in South America. As an Englishman I should seize the first opportunity to crush the German Navy and the German commercial marine out of existence and take possession of both the German and Portuguese possessions in South Africa, leaving the Boers absolutely isolated. As an American I should advocate—and as a matter of fact do advocate—keeping our navy at a pitch that will enable us to interfere promptly if Germany ventures to touch a foot of American soil.

Spring Rice wrote back, from Berlin: "I would like to see you here for a time and hear your opinion. I believe you would go on the side of the Soldier and drink the Kaiser's health with tears in your eyes."

Roosevelt evidently did not relish this comment. It lingered in his mind so much that when he became President, Sir Mortimer Durant, British Ambassador at Washington, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, March 10, 1905, quoted him as saying:

> I know Springy thinks I am inclined to fall under the influence of the German Emperor, but he is quite wrong. I like the Emperor very much in a way, but I don't trust him and am not in the least affected by the ridiculous messages he makes Specky (the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternburg) bring me. . . . You need never be the least afraid that I shall take the Kaiser seriously.

Many of Roosevelt's letters to Spring Rice bring the Rough Rider back to life and are among the most interesting parts of the book. One communication, from the White House, dated December 27, 1904, is typical of those paragraphs which seem to have frightened Springy into believing Roosevelt was drifting within the Kaiser's orbit:

> Liberal institutions of necessity tend to invite factionalism and such absorption in party contests that the successful party leader, the successful parliamentary manager, the victor in struggles at the ballot box, usurp an altogether improper place in popular estimation when compared with the military administrator, with the man who is preparing the resources of the nation for the event of war, and who is watching the course of other nations and the trend of developments in international affairs. . . . In the Spanish War, for instance, and in the Boer War our generals and yours, our public leaders and yours, had to grapple with a public sentiment which screamed with anguish over the loss of a couple of thousand men in the field, a sentiment of preposterous and unreasoning mawkishness.

During the Spanish War, Spring Rice was in Berlin and his correspondence shows he was continually on the alert to advise his American friends of Germany's possible unfriendly intentions. He wrote to John Hay, July 16, 1898, when Hay was Secretary of State:

> I came back here on Thursday evening and was lucky enough yesterday to meet Metternich, who is generally with the Emperor on his land journeys as representative of the F. O. I said that the presence of the large German force at the Philippines was plainly regarded in America as a threat, and was likely to lead to unpleasant incidents. Was Germany prepared to face the consequences and had the Government counted the cost? He said he quite agreed with the view I took, that it was unfortunate that the ships had been sent, but that it was difficult to withdraw them. It had been necessary to make a display of force to satisfy public opinion at home. He went on to say that Germany hadn't the remotest idea of engaging in a conflict with America—only of defending German interests. I said that the disparity between the interests and the force sent to protect them was sure to excite remark, especially in view of the published desire of the Germans to get a coaling station. He then began to talk of that question and ask what England would say. I said I hadn't any doubt that the Liberal Party, a section of the Conservative Party, and the great mass of English public opinion would be opposed to any action on Germany's behalf which would be unpleasant to America.

Ten years later, the American historian, W. T. Thayer, asked Spring Rice to discover which of the British statesmen had replied to the Kaiser's secret invitation that the British should join a coalition against the United States. Spring Rice wrote that at the time of the crisis, Joseph Chamberlain had sent him with a message to John Hay, then American Ambassador at London, to tell Hay that Chamberlain would leave the cabinet "if the decision taken was a wrong one." Chamberlain's message concluded: "Tell him to see if I am still there and he will know it is all right."

Repeatedly, Spring Rice's letters reveal his sincere desire to befriend the United States and so reach his objective of an Anglo-American understanding. His American friends, however, were not of special use to him when he eventually was appointed to the ambassadorship at Washington. With Woodrow Wilson at the White House, an ambassador whose closest American intimates were Roosevelt and Lodge (the latter of whom had more than once approached the British foreign office to get Springy a Washington appointment) was not in a position to wield great influence at the White House. Spring Rice was not sympathetic to Wilson's character and Bryan, as Secretary of State, irritated him constantly. Back in the old days, he had been at Washington during Cleveland's first term and Harrison's term. When Cleveland defeated Harrison in 1892, after Harrison's four years of office, Spring Rice wrote his brother: "For England the Republican administration is the best; for though unpleasant to the last degree, it was capable and certain under Harrison; under Cleveland it may be anything—and Cleveland is bound to show that he was *not* elected by British gold, by being as disagreeable to us as possible."

Yet, Wilson's election to the presidency as a Democrat did not cause Spring Rice to harbor his former opinion about the two parties. After Wilson defeated Hughes, Spring Rice wrote, October 17, 1917, to Lord Robert Cecil, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs:

> It was fortunate for us that the Republicans were defeated, for had Mr. Hughes been elected and declared war as he would have been forced to do, it is probable that the great mass of the Democratic Party would have opposed the war bitterly, and that there would have been a strongly divided nation.

Yet, as for Wilson:

> He is unfortunate in the rather inferior calibre, not in the way of intelligence but of Parliamentary experience, of his principal supporters in the House and Senate. His position is an embarrassing one and he is driven more and more into himself and his own resources. . . . He regards most interviews, especially argumentative interviews, as a waste of time and mental resources. The emotions of his mind are thus wrapped in mystery but there are no indications whatever of any change in his point of view with regard to the war.

Spring Rice seemed sceptical of America's possible entrance into the war until the event occurred and then he was convinced that Wilson would not stop fighting until there was a complete victory. He wrote home of the President's inaccessibility and how foreign affairs were controlled from the White House and not the State Department, but his superiors apparently thought he should have got into the fortress by applying more effort. Action instead of mere analyses was desired. Perhaps nobody could have speeded events, but it is doubtful whether Spring Rice saw the true trend. His personal disappointment seems to have been keen that his dream of an Anglo-American *rapprochement* did not materialize into actuality, as he desired. Yet, Lord Reading wrote, after Spring Rice's death:

> I believe it to be the case that the Allied Governments were never forced to recede from their position in any important question owing to American opposition and the result is in itself a sufficient proof of the sagacity with which the negotiations were conducted during the period of American neutrality.

The sagacity was not recognized at the British foreign office, nor is there evidence that Spring Rice realized how the American government was causing him to win the substance, without the shadow.

The two volumes contain nearly a thousand pages of letters. They are always interesting and often fascinating. Mr. Gwynn's editorial notes are valuable and enlightening. Many of Spring Rice's comments on the customs of the countries where he was stationed are amusing and sparkle with life. He was an inveterate gossip and diplomatic tittle-tattle fascinated him. One of his letters relates that when the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited Constantinople, the ladies of the harem presented the Kaiserin with a bouquet of diamonds valued at $50,000. The Kaiserin's return gift for the Sultan's youngest daughter, was a gold bracelet, worth $10. This so enraged the harem favorite that she snapped it on the arm of a negress, "who still wears the Imperial gift." The ensuing uproar with the Sultan's wives telling their Lord he had been cheated "by the greedy Giaours" presents a scene of harem life not often found in literature.

Thus mingling light tales of the diplomatic world with weighty comments on the course of world politics, Spring Rice went through his career. His name will not live in diplomacy, but his letters are likely to survive for long.

The Dual Life

(*Continued from preceding page*)

it needs bounds and control, but it gives strong doses, and to judge from what it does to cockney types of authors, journalists, musicians, traders, and politicians, the result of an exclusive inspiration by noise, speed, and the excitement of congested male and female bodies is belittling, giving a clever hardness rather than any depth either of sentiment, humor, or thought.

The regimen for the man who aspires to culture and the good life is likely in the future to be of necessity dual. He must, in the words of Arnold, fly

> . . . this strange disease of modern life,
> With its sick hurry, its divided aims.

But after exposure to the violet rays of Mother Nature he can come back, not only safely but wisely. He will be a better man in the subways if he can keep his eye for a spring brook and an astered meadow; and a better man in the environment which, in spite of the realtors, nature will still provide, if he avoids country dulness by constant sharpening in the city's machine.

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The Undefeated Present

BROTHERS AND SISTERS. By I. Compton-Burnett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE theme of incest, especially incest between a brother and sister, seems to travel an orbit like a comet's, somewhere in Space-Time, and to appear at intervals in literature. The Jacobean age was one of its periods, the Romantic Revival another, and from the publication of Princess Marthe Bibesco's "The Green Parrot" last spring and Mr. William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" and Miss Compton-Burnett's "Brothers and Sisters" this fall, it seems as if this were perhaps to be a third.

"Brothers and Sisters" is a strong contrast to the other two, but then "Brothers and Sisters," as so many English critics have said, is unique. It is made up almost altogether of conversations, all of them charged with a peculiar vitality and with under-currents of deep humor and pathos. The talk of the young people, in particular, has from its sheer health and spirits a brilliance as different from the brilliance of mere epigram as the sparkle of spring-water from the sparkle of champagne, and as refreshing. But over the chief characters, Andrew and Dinah, brother and sister, hang two revelations, one at least foreseen by the reader from the first. They learn first the maternity and then the paternity of their dead father, who himself had known only that he was the adopted son of their maternal grandfather; that is, they find out, under circumstances which make it impossible to conceal the truth from their mother or any one else, that their father was the half-brother of the sister and brother to whom they are respectively engaged, and that he was also the half-brother of their mother. These disclosures and their effects make up the book.

* * *

It is here that there appears the great difference between this and all other books with the same subject, even the newest of them. "The Green Parrot" treated incest as a mysterious and deadly curse latent in a noble, dying race, just as Byron might have conceived it; the brother in "The Sound and the Fury" thinks of it as a sin so loathsome as to make the fire of hell seem clean and desirable, as Ford thought of it; the young people in "Brothers and Sisters" face it afresh for themselves, and—are not accursed. (This is not to depreciate "The Sound and the Fury," a remarkable piece of work done in a strikingly modern manner; it is only to point out that Mr. Faulkner writes of a decaying, old-world family with a heritage of insanity, and Miss Compton-Burnett of some healthy moderns.) Their friends treat their misfortune with the same coolness and candor.

"I am doing the thing I am most ashamed of, of all I have ever done," said Julian. "I don't mean those things in a young man's life that he does not speak of to his sister, though if you look at me with eyes of unbelief, Sarah, I shall feel obliged to mention them. I mean little, innocent, degrading things, like asking acquaintances to tea to gossip about friends."

But his conclusion is that there is nothing to be ashamed of. In the end, everyone makes the best of it. Andrew and Dinah have to give up their proposed marriages, and even to leave the place they live in, but they never lose their courage or their common sense. After a final question as to whether to take their grandfather's picture, Dinah says calmly, reasserting her sense of proportion, "Grandfather has only twice his normal significance." It is the only book where one can find implicit what every twentieth-century reader of "Œdipus Tyrannus" must have felt, that a prohibited marriage ignorantly contracted may be a calamity, but is after all nothing to blind oneself about.

The significance of the book is pointed by the figure of the children's mother, Sophia, an appalling Good Wife and Mother. One suddenly sees that she is all that is worst in the nineteenth century, and the young people, with their forthrightness and independence, all the best of the twentieth. Their modernity gives them almost the quality of the children in "The Innocent Voyage," the ability to go through the fire and escape the smell of the burning. All other books on this theme are stories of the present defeated by the past; "Brothers and Sisters" is a story of the present hurt by the past, but not defeated.

Yankee Doodle Dandy

(*With thanks to Stephen Vincent Benét and "John Brown's Body" for the inspiration.*)

JABEZ WINTERGREEN lived in Lexington.
"Boots and Shoes Neatly Mended While You Wait,"
So ran the sign, rude lettered o'er his door.
A simple soul and well content withal,
He paid no heed to all this tavern talk
Of tyranny and taxes and what not.
It was all Greek to him, all foolish talk.
He never felt oppressed or put upon.
"Let me but mend the boots of my country,
And I care not who makes its laws," said he.

Paul Revere had saddled his old white mare,
Or maybe she was black, or he was a bay.
I don't know. All I'm sure of is the saddle
And Paul and some sort of equine quadruped.
He was bound to ride all night,
He was bound to ride all day,
If the redcoats tried to steal a march
On the folks down Concord way.
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
(Be quiet, Tom, stop giggling!)
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
(Stop squirming, John, stop wriggling!)
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five—
(Blue eyed Alice, let laughing Allegra alone
And, Edith with golden hair, if you don't stop—
Oh, hell! Gwan to bed, the hull lot of ye!)

Where was I? Oh yes, down Concord way,
Where the grapes come from, the purple grapes
The honey-sweet empurpled grapes that hang
All ripe and ready for the Bacchic harvest,
Globules of potential joy, whose juice fermenting
Will, at the last, yield ruby wine of high
Alcoholic content. But Paul Revere
Saw no grapes, for there were no grapes
On the vines in April, nothing but leaves.
No grapes, no wine. Poor Paul Revere!
Nothing to drink but rum and beer.

Again, where was I? Oh yes, down Concord way
Not far from Lexington and Jabez Wintergreen.
Jabez Wintergreen was sound asleep
And snoring. The snores of Jabez Winter-
Green resounded like the bellowing of
A bull elephant. And yet—trust Nancy—
Nancy heard the knocking at the door.
"Jabez! Jabez! Wake up! There's a burglar
In the house." "Grrmph! What? A burglar?
Nonsense!
Foolish woman, it's nothing but the cat."
None the less—again trust Nancy—he got up
And went down.

"To arms, Jabez! The redcoats
Are coming!" "Let 'em come. Fat lot I care."
"Tut, tut, Jabez! An thou join us not
Never shall child of thine join the Sons
And Daughters of the Revolution.
Moreover, thou thyself shall this night
Be tarred and feathered by the gallant
Sons of Liberty, as a slacker."

Jabez' heart nearly failed
And he quailed and he paled,
For the deadliest of fears he couldn't stifle.
So he put on his clothes
And his hose, I suppose.
With a duty made so plain he dared not trifle.
Though his hand sadly shook
Yet he took from its hook
O'er the fireplace his granddad's ancient rifle.

Sing a song of Lexington. What a pretty scene!
Nine and ninety farmers gathered on the green.
(Have a care, King George.)
Came a thousand redcoats. Aren't they awful cute!
When they saw the farmers, they began to shoot.
(It isn't fair, King George.)
Sing a song of Concord. Something else again.
See the farmers chasing soldiers down the lane.
(Make you stare, King George.)
See the redcoats falling. Hear the bullets sing.
Isn't that a pretty tale to carry to a king!
(Say a prayer, King George.)

Jabez Wintergreen had his fill
Of digging the trenches on Bunker Hill.
With pick and shovel he toiled all night
Betwixt the men on his left and right.
And whenever he stopped to quench his thirst
Or ease his back, he roundly cursed
The hull consarned dodgasted war
And this here job in partickler, for
"No two ways about it. It's plain to be seen
We're diggin' our graves," said Wintergreen.
But now and anon the whole night long
He'd cheer up the rest by singing a song:
"We're diggin' our graves, so narrow and deep.
We're makin' the beds for our longest sleep,
For the British'll come with mornin' light,
And they'll shoot everybody that stays to fight.
And them that runs will cert'nly feel
The stab of the bayonet's yard of steel.
They'll lay us in rows in the graves we've dug,
And cover us up so tight and snug,
And we'll sleep so sound in the nice warm clay
That we'll never wake up till the Judgment Day."

Came the dawn and the redcoats. Now Jabez
Was glad he'd dug the trench so deep. It was
A heap sight nicer to kneel behind
The bank of earth and peek over at them,
As they came, in thin red lines, marching
Up the hill, than to stand up and be shot at.
"*Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes.*"
"I wun't," said Jabez. "An' not even then.
"I swanny, I don't want to rile 'em none."
But when the fight was over
And the bugle blew retreat
Jabez, gallant Jabez,
Was the first one on his feet.
Jabez, hero Jabez,
Was the first one to obey,
The first to leave the battlefield,
The first to get away.
He led the troops to safety
On that memorable day.

Philadelphia, now. "What are they doing
In Philadelphia?" "Voting for Vare."
"No, no, I don't mean that. Of course they're
Always doing that. I mean what else.
They're getting ready to do a Big Thing."
"Oh, I know. Arranging for the Sesqui."
"No, no, no! We never speak of that
In Philadelphia. See those men over there?"
"Who are they?" "They're Congressmen." "Aw, shucks!
Who wants to look at a congressman?"
"Wait a minute. They're not the kind you mean.
They're Continental Congressmen, and that's
Something else again. They're Thomas Jefferson
And John Adams." "Yeah! They are not. Those blokes
Are dead long ago." "Gosh! don't I know that?
I'm talking in the Historical Present.
Now listen to them"—"Morning, Tom." "Morning, John."
"Tom, seems like the boys want a Declaration
Of Independence." "Think they do?" "Seems so.
Been a heap of talk about it." "How about
The folks back home. Think they'll stand for it?"
"I reckon. You better write it." "No, you."
"I would, Tom, only I've got a sore finger.
You do it." "All right I'll try it. So long, John."
"So long, Tom. Drop around sometime. I've got
A couple of cases—good stuff—pre-war."

Young Tom Jefferson writes a Declaration
Casts off King George and all the British nation.
Much discussion by members in attendance.
Finally the Congress votes for Independence.
To tell the news to all the people
They ring the Bell up in the steeple
The Bell proclaims the news with glee
That Congress votes the country free.
(*Tinkle, tinkle, little Bell.*
Now I wonder what the hell
You'll be thinking by and by,
When Congress votes the Country dry.)

(*To be continued*)

Christopher Ward.

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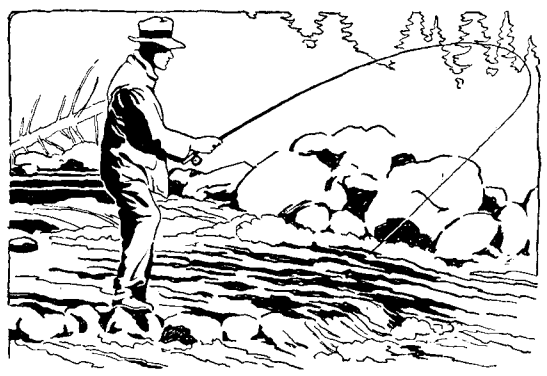
Salmon Not Running



BLISS PERRY FISHING.

I HAD promised to discuss contemporary American literature. I sat down, firm of purpose, fumbled for a match, fumbled still longer for a title, and ended by opening a friend's letter, only to find that it contained nothing but the logbook of his last summer's fishing trip. For the first five days the entries were monotonously uniform and only too familiar: "Salmon not running." Then came twelve days of Paradise, with twenty-eight salmon landed, averaging exactly twenty pounds to a fish. I fear that I sighed a bit enviously as I folded the letter and turned grimly to the unwritten article. But at least I had found a title.

For the log-book of those first five days expresses precisely the feeling of many lovers of American literature who in 1900 were looking eagerly for what they liked to think of as "big" American books,—books more truly representative of the American mind than the varied and excellent books of the eighteen-nineties. We were vague, I suppose, and incoherent, and perhaps illogical, but we really thought that the "big" books were on the way; and meanwhile we beguiled the time by getting as much excitement and happiness as we could from the incontrovertibly big books of the past, and from such current American writing as caught our fancy. We were like men angling contentedly enough for those sea-trout that sometimes swarm in a salmon-river; angling, but nevertheless watching the sky and river unceasingly for those signs of change in the water or the weather that presage the mysterious "run" of the kingly *Salmo salar* out of the Atlantic, over the bar, and up-stream to the pools where they are waiting. Sea-trout are very fine fish,—unless one's heart is set too much on salmon.

* * *

Well, that was thirty years ago, but many of us are still at it, hoping each season for another "Leaves of Grass" or "Moby Dick" or "Walden" or "Scarlet Letter" or "Huckleberry Finn"; some American book, in any *genre* of literature, that shall give the unmistakable "feel" of "a big one." Precise measurements of size and weight are unessential even if they were possible. It is enough to say that no man who ever had a salmon on his line was under any illusion that he was fighting with a sea-trout. In the recognized masterpieces of literature there is always "a certain magnitude"—as Aristotle said of tragedy—an exceptional combination and balance of such qualities as imagination, human wisdom, sense of beauty, and craftsmanship. One feels it instantly in such masters of prose as Plato, Voltaire, and Swift; in such lords of verse as Virgil and Milton. We all agree that the "Republic" and "Don Quixote" and "Faust," however little they may resemble one another, are "great" books. Back of each is a noteworthy individual mind, a race, a tradition, a civilization. I am repeating commonplaces, of course, but it is essential that we remember them if we ask ourselves why the twentieth century, in our own country and in Europe, is as yet so deficient in books of "a certain magnitude."

It is to be admitted, no doubt, that the men who were watching the skies for literary portents in 1900 were themselves born a generation earlier, and may have been the dupes of a boyish illusion about "great" authors and "great" men. We used to employ these phrases without a suspicion of doubt or cynicism. In my own college days, for example, we looked at any time for a new book by Browning or Tennyson, Darwin or Huxley, Hardy or George Meredith or George Eliot, Ruskin or Newman or Arnold. Emerson and Carlyle were living, though they had ceased to write. But Whitman, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell were still productive. Melville was alive, though we did not know it, and Mark Twain was very much alive indeed. And so were Victor Hugo and Ibsen, Turgeniev and Tolstoy and Karl Marx.

Some of these names, it is true, seem less resplendent now. Even then, we were not all in precise agreement as to the claims of any one author. We split, in the fashion of that day, into Dickens and Thackeray camps. We had Hellenists and Hebraists. The crowd of cheerful young athletes with whom I lived in college thought it queer that I liked Whitman and Browning. Did not Mark Hopkins declare that he could not understand Browning? But one was perfectly safe if he quoted Emerson or Carlyle or Tennyson. These were great authors. Their rank was unquestioned.

* * *

Now the college youths of today are far more widely intelligent and sophisticated than our crowd of fifty years ago. They read Marcel Proust (when I think they might be reading Balzac); James Joyce and George Moore (though I prefer and prescribe Swift); Strindberg and Ludwig, although I cannot discover that they are reading Lessing and Goethe at all. They know Wilde and Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw. They are very keen and well-posted about the theatre. Eugene O'Neill fascinates them. They are mainly ignorant of Thomas Huxley, who was a force; but they read Aldous Huxley, who is only a symptom. They know a little Frost and Sandburg and Robinson; I wish they knew more. They delight in Strachey. A class-room allusion to Hemingway instantly "alludes," and rather more surely, it seems to me, than allusions to Dreiser and Hergesheimer and Sherwood Anderson. They know next to nothing of Howells and Henry James. Booth Tarkington, to them, is the author of "Penrod" and "Seventeen." But they have read "Babbitt" and "A Lost Lady" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." They liked "John Brown's Body," though they have never heard of Mr. Villard's "Life of John Brown," to say nothing of the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison" by his sons.

Delightful boys! And in some respects lucky! For it is evident that they have all the books which we used to read before 1900 (if they would only read them) and a great many fascinating twentieth century books also. But they are missing one thing which we indubitably had: a sense of greatness in contemporary authors. They do not know the sensation of being alive in the same world with a great poet. When President Butler reminds them "that there is today in the world no great poet, no great philosopher, and no great religious leader," they no doubt listen respectfully, but with an inner conviction that the elder generation is slipping. We make them read Spenser's letter to Sir Walter Raleigh about the intention of the "Faerie Queene" to illustrate Aristotle's conception of Magnanimity, or, as Spenser preferred to call it, "Magnificence," the master virtue which is "the perfection of all the rest." But they do not search in twentieth century books for this nobility of mood, this "magnificence of mind." And it would be useless to look for it, for it is not there. That "quality of nobleness," which Oliver Elton thinks is the leading quality of English literature between 1830 and 1880, would not be selected by any critic as the distinguishing characteristic of either the English or the American literature of the present era. There is plenty of excellent writing. "Tristram" and "Babbitt" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop" are examples of notable books. No one denies the range and freshness and ingenuity of our twentieth century literature. Its achievements are expertly assessed by the editor of this *Review* in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Few persons have enjoyed it more than I do. Nevertheless I think it remains true that—to speak generally and metaphorically—the salmon are not running.

Many explanations of this fact have been offered, and of course it is possible to deny the fact itself. No two of us have quite the same dream of an ideal American literature, and no two assessments of the actual output coincide. Critics alter their opinions. Standards shift. The relative weight to be given to such qualities as human wisdom, imagination, sense of beauty, and craftsmanship will vary with the individual reader, as always. William James said to me once of a brilliant colleague whose mental operations he distusted that he was like a man trying to photograph from a raft the waves of the sea. We are all more or less in that predicament, and the predicament is a very old one. We may not know exactly where we stand. But there is certainly enough dissatisfaction with our current literature to produce a variety of theories about its shortcomings. Possibly some of them prove too much.

TAKE, for instance, that familiar thesis of our preoccupation with material aims. James Truslow Adams discusses it in the November *Harpers*, pointing out that the wilderness was subdued long ago, that the material foundation for a spiritual edifice has long been ready, and that we should now begin to live a sane, maturely civilized life. True enough, but Carlyle made a similar analysis of the Age of Machinery exactly one hundred years ago in his "Signs of the Times." The Industrial Revolution, although entering just then upon some new phases, was essentially an old story. England and France seemed money-mad. But France of 1830-50 was nevertheless the epoch of Victor Hugo and Balzac, and the England of that industrialized and mechanized era produced a variety and splendor of literary genius unmatched in her history except in the age of Elizabeth and in that of the great Romantic poets. It is hard, in the face of such facts, to accept the deterministic theory that an age of extraordinary material prosperity somehow prevents great literary artists from getting born.

Or, take that thesis of "the new universe" which has frequently been set forth in the *Saturday Review*. According to this theory, our generation is so overwhelmed by the new discoveries of science,—widening the bounds of the physical universe, upsetting all previous conceptions, making necessary new terminologies, new generalizations,—that the imagination of men of letters recoils helplessly, impotently. It cannot digest the new material, cannot fashion it to any artistic purpose. There seems to me just enough truth in this theory to mislead. Granted that an American Lucretius of 1929 would have to use the new chemistry and the new physics and the new astronomy if he wished to write a new *De Rerum Natura*, does it follow that—provided he were endowed with the superb equipment of the Roman poet—he could not write the poem? The magnificent passages dealing with the new astronomy in Drayton Henderson's "New Argonautica," describing the voyaging of the spirits of Raleigh and Drake among the outmost stars, illustrate what the imagination may do with new material. And is our "new universe" of the twentieth century any more marvelous to us than was the revelation of a new physical and intellectual universe to the men of the Renaissance? And did their sense of a new inner and outer world cripple their imagination? Have not most of the great literary periods been periods of "transition," with new scientific conceptions, new philosophies, new phases of religion and education? Consult Aristophanes on these points!

* * *

But playwrights and poets and prose-men are not dealing primarily with abstract conceptions. They do not have to read Eddington—though they miss something if they do not. They deal with the old world of men and women, who manage, in spite of as astounding succession of new universes, to remain pretty much what they have always been. Imagine the alterations in human conceptions of the physical universe from the age of Aristophanes to the age of Rabelais, and from the age of Rabelais to the age of Anatole France. Yet all these three satirists would find themselves at home on Broadway—or in Zenith City or Middletown—in five minutes; so little has the stuff of human nature

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by Bliss Perry

changed. An admirably written recent book entitled "The Modern Temper" describes the paralysis of a certain group of young men in the post-war period. Their inhibitions are pathetically real, but the trouble seems to lie, not so much in any special characteristics of the modern world, as in their own lack of wing-power. Given enough imaginative energy, and there would be the whole sky to soar in.

IN fact, having read many thousand pages devoted to those economic, social, and intellectual conditions which are supposed to be the antecedent or accompanying factors of an age of great literature, I am tempted, with the fatalism of a fisherman, to fall back on the simple theory of the presence or absence of sufficient energy in the individual writer. Call it wing-power, or "fire in the belly," or sheer weight of mind and character, or "inspiration," or "intoxication," or what you will. Contemporary conditions may be favorable or unfavorable, just as the fulness or the temperature of the water in a salmon river may quicken or retard the upward run of the fish. Yet season after season, in full cold water or scant warmish water, the salmon that has power enough to climb the rapids and leap the falls manages somehow to get up-stream.

No one minimizes the seriousness of the obstacles in the path of the would-be author. Many men fail simply because they have not read enough, thought enough, felt enough, lived enough, to give them material. There are personal, social, and economic handicaps to be reckoned with; the more original a man is, the more must he create his own audience; and the general intellectual status of his countrymen gives the atmosphere in which he is forced to breathe. The biographers of Poe, Emerson, Whitman, and Melville take account of such questions as bodily and mental health, of economic freedom for literary work, of the curves of the book-market, of the intellectual prepossessions and prejudices of the American public in any given decade. When fifty years have passed, and most of this evidence is fairly in, the biographer and critic can weigh it. But it is obviously a very different matter to assess the individual power of a living and presumbably growing author as he swims against, or with, the manifold crosscurrents of contemporary American life.

To choose an illustration that may have grown somewhat musty, is the vastness and variety of the American scene an obstacle or a help to the production of a genuinely "All-American" book? No one doubts that the variety of background has been a stimulus to the creation of our rich regional literature, but can one feel the race and nation behind the book, as one often does in French and Russian writing? To find the common American denominator in "Porgy" and "The Country of the Pointed Firs," or in "Ethan Frome" and "Show-Boat," is far from a simple problem. Or take the question of our twentieth century cosmopolitanism, the cross-fertilizing influence of foreign books, plays, and music upon the mind of a country made up of so many racial stocks, a hyphenated mind—on the surface, at least—if there ever was one. The more foreign books the better, most of us would say, provided they are really worth importing and provided they really fertilize the American mind. But such generalizations will have little value until we know more than we do now about the actual biological and psychological values of race differences. We cannot go much farther than to say that a given French or Russian book seems, like some narcotics, to be a depressant to one American writer and a stimulant to another. Whether the marked cosmopolitanism of the last ten years will ultimately be reckoned an asset or a liability to America's consciousness of its own powers, no one knows.

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What seems certain is this: that neither the public's preoccupation with material interests, nor the revelation of new physical phenomena, nor provincialism, nor the fresh currents of cosmopolitanism would be fatally effective obstacles to a man of absolutely first rate literary power. We must grant that there are some contemporary conditions that might retard the immediate popular recognition of such a man. We are not yet really a book-reading people. We publish far fewer books than Japan or Russia, to say nothing of France, Germany, and England. Our book-trade shows a little smoother salesmanship than ten years ago; the advertising is a little more meretricious, but not much so; the initial sales of a book are somewhat larger, and the "life" of a new book is in general much shorter. Presumably our education and philosophy and religion are as superficial as the experts in those fields affirm. Doubtless there is no very widely diffused respect for literary craftsmanship,—though we catch the lines of a new motor-car model quicker than any people in the world. If the gods were to send us a Marlowe or a Keats, does any one suppose he would attract as much attention as Mr. Edison or Mr. Ford, who have contributed so marvelously to the physical well-being and economic progress of the United States?

Indubitable, also, is our general lack of respect for criticism, for the men competent to point out a Marlowe or a Keats when he first appears. Stuart Sherman, in one of his recently published letters, says that six properly equipped and adequately paid critics, giving their full strength to writing, could alter the whole attitude of the public toward criticism. Possibly; the experiment has never been tried. Yet how many competent contemporary "notices" did Dryden or Swift or Steele or Goldsmith ever receive? Kipling and Hardy were luckier, perhaps; but certainly neither W. H. Hudson nor Conrad. The truth is that obstacles to the prompt recognition of literary talent are in no respect peculiar to the United States in the twentieth century. We present simply new phases of very familiar literary conditions,—precisely as our post-war disillusion is paralleled by the European post-Revolutionary and post-Napoleonic disillusions of a century ago, and our cycle of preoccupation with sex is paralleled by many previous eras which were followed by cycles of decency.

LITERARY history, in short, instead of heightening our sense of the uniqueness of American experience in the present era, confirms one in the conviction that the apparent obstacles to high achievement are no more serious than they have often seemed immediately before periods of great brilliancy. As Carlyle warned Emerson in 1842: "A man has no right to say to his own generation, turning quite away from it, 'Be damned!' It is the whole Past and the whole Future, this same cotton-spinning, dollar hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation of ours. Come back into it, I tell you."

Wise advice, albeit from an unexpected source! I will come back, with the reader's permission, to the humble illustration with which I began. It is a fact that during the first week of July, 1929, on a good river, there was not a salmon running. But it is also a fact that one week later the river was full of them. Fishermen may be fatalists, but they have likewise their ineradicable hopes. I once asked an old fellow in a military cloak, watching his line in a sluggish stream in Alsace, "What kind of fish are you expecting to catch?" "All kinds," was his gruff but very proper answer. Perhaps he did not really expect to catch a whale in that stream, but I cannot see why there should not be room for whales in our wide American waters. I confess that I do not care to hear a publisher shouting from his crow's nest "There she blows!" when I have reason to think that his whale is only a porpoise. But meanwhile there are few pleasanter sights than porpoises rolling in the sunshine, and any morning, now, we may really catch sight of a White Whale.

Mr. Bliss Perry, author of the foregoing article, is professor of English Literature at Harvard University, and was for a decade the editor of the Atlantic Monthly. *He is the author of numerous books, among which are "The Amateur Spirit," "The American Mind," "The American Spirit in Literature," "A Study of Poetry," and "The Praise of Folly." One of the most stimulating forces at his university, Mr. Perry finds time in the midst of scholastic activities to remain an enthusiastic fisherman.*

The Middle Ages

THE GOTHICK NORTH: A Study of Medieval Life, Art, and Thought. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

Author of "Sticks and Stones"

BETWEEN Walter Scott and Henry Adams there stretched a period of historical writing about the Middle Ages that was perhaps the finest piece of consistent recreation the world has known. It arose out of a romantic impulse to escape from the glacial formalities of the eighteenth century; it recaptured the great store of poesy locked up in the works of Chaucer and the Scotch balladists, and its fruitful touch was felt in a hundred other departments, so that no historian could go back to the past and emerge from it with a mere handful of sear documents, while, on the other hand, no novelist or poet could treat some older sphere of experience without giving it a genuine documentation in fact or experience.

In the historical criticism of Ruskin, or in the poetic interpretation of William Morris, there may be errors of fact or understanding: but the errors do not arise out of a lack of respect for actuality and if the interpretations were misguided, it was usually due to the fact that the field as a whole had not been sufficiently investigated. The tradition of the "anonymous mason-builder" persisted because no one had yet unearthed the rolls that contained his name: the final charm of age was attributed to great piles of masonry which in their original form had the quite different charm of smartness: it was whitewash, not mellowness and tone and texture, that the medieval builder thought admirable in the finished work. Historians like G. C. Colton, who have painted in the blacks, have not essentially altered the highlights and the colors that first attracted attention. We are more aware of the cities than Walter Scott was, and more conscious of the cross-currents and the "unmedieval" aspects than the earlier historians were; but the method of poetic recreation that Scott was the first to use in all its largeness and power is still ours—unless we are devoured by a sense of our own self-importance.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's study of "The Gothick North" is a return to the more meagre and moth-eaten tradition of Sir Horace Walpole: his book is a sort of literary Strawberry Hill, and its only merit is that it reveals Mr. Sitwell's private fancies and musings, as they were occasioned by the tapestries he has seen and the lesser monuments he has wandered among. Beside Mr. Sitwell's achievement, "St. Agnes Eve" is a masterpiece of archæological research, and the "Dream of John Ball" might be a description in Ashley's economic studies. Something amusing might have been made of these fancies if the author had been content to let them remain on their own plane: the result at least might have been a brilliant pastiche: but priggishness and vanity have kept him from letting well enough alone, and he has turned a *jeu d'esprit* into a monument almost pretentious enough to be called an imposture.

I do not know what "The Gothick North" would be were it trimmed of its false intimacies, its tedious imaginary figures drawn out of the author's boyhood, and the expensive Wardour Street English in which all Mr. Sitwell's figures are clothed; very possibly, by the mere fact of being a shorter book, it might have become a better one. It is enough to say that one could give a very respectable picture of the Middle Ages by supplying an account of all the things that Mr. Sitwell has left out, and by quietly reversing all the positive judgments he is inclined to make. Mr. Sitwell offers as excuse for this essay the fact that he was driven to choose a new subject, because one "cannot be writing poetry all the time." It is a book like this that justifies Tolstoy's most vigorous jeremiad on the emptiness of the modern artist.

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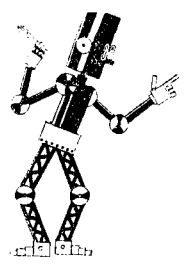

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Books of Special Interest

Neapolitan Painting

PAINTING OF THE SEICENTO. By ALDO DE RINALDIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929.

Reviewed by ARTHUR MCCOMB

THIS book is one of the very beautifully edited Pantheon Series which cover a diversity of subjects within the general field of the history of art, and are already well known to the world of specialists and amateurs of the Fine Arts. Each volume consists of a generous number of plates with an introductory explanatory text by a scholar distinguished in the field illustrated. The present book is no exception to this rule.

The eighty full-page reproductions of Neapolitan paintings of the Seicento are by far the finest that have appeared of the works of this period in any book or periodical so far, and this, in spite of the fact which the author himself points out in a note—that the darkening of the shadows in most of these seventeenth century oil paintings and the bad light in which the frescoes had to be photographed created unusual difficulties for publisher and printer. Signor de Rinaldis, who is Director of the National Museum at Naples, prefaces these illustrations with fifty-five pages of text which form a running comment on the plates, though these latter are not numbered, as they might have been, in a sequence corresponding with the order of comment. The author here briefly traces the history of Neapolitan painting from Battistello to Luca Giordano and the opening of the eighteenth century. It is a fascinating and little explored field. Signor de Rinaldis correctly estimates as substantially worthless the manneristic work of Corenzio and others like him which immediately preceded the brief but epoch making visit of Caravaggio to Naples in 1607. Battistello was the first to feel the influence of the great naturalist. We see it in his brownish tone, his figures chosen from the people, in his harsh contrasts of light and shade. The author carries us on through a brief discussion of the eclectic Stanzione, the idyllic Vaccaro, the fiery Preti, who felt the influence of Guercino and the late Venetians of the Renaissance, to Luca Giordano, when painting becomes lighter in tone, hastier in execution, and more purely connected with an architectural and decorative ensemble.

Signor de Rinaldis, whose tone is appreciative rather than archæological, is at his best in his remarks on color and evokes in the discussion of Massimo Stanzione and Preti, and especially of his favorite Cavallino, the chromatically subtle world of Seicento art in Naples. The analysis of Preti, incidentally, is perhaps the best portion of the book. Readers will also be grateful for the brief discussion of Fracanzano, a relatively little known painter, and of the Neapolitan still-life painters, Recco, Ruoppolo, and Belvedere, and the landscapists, Gargiulo and Andrea di Lione.

We wish, however, that some light had been thrown on that mysterious Domenico Napoletano of whom Mr. Arthur Pope's charming Caritas, exhibited at the Fogg Museum in Cambridge early this year, has been attributed. A regrettable omission is the failure to note the admirable small version in the National Gallery of Massimo Stanzione's great S. Martino Pietà. This work, where against a slate grey sky is relieved the group—surrounding the warm grey body of Christ—with its whites, its yellow-grey, rose-yellow, vermilion and honey tones, is one of the marvels of seventeenth century painting anywhere.

Nor does Signor de Rinaldis mention any Neapolitan pictures of the period in American collections. There is the fine Rosa self-portrait and the Stanzione Lucretia in the Metropolitan Museum, for instance, and the Preti "Erminia" at Vassar College (published by the reviewer in *Art in America*, February, 1927).

We can study the style of Battistello in the impressive picture (erroneously attributed to Preti) belonging to Mr. Wildhagen now on loan at the Metropolitan Museum. This painting has all the traits of the master when he was working in oils (his frescoes were more evenly toned and lighter, as Signor de Rinaldis points out) including the peculiar harsh shade of red, which he affected—like coagulated blood—in the Christ's robe.

The style of the author suffers a little in translation and it sometimes lacks clarity. There are one or two slight errors. To call the Farnese Gallery the "Galleria Farnesina" is a little confusing in that at first sight it calls to mind the Raphael-Peruzzi decorations in the villa on the other side of the Tiber, and on page 44 the author writes of ". . . Michelangelo de Caravaggio, who had died, full of years and valor at the very end of the century. . . ." It is well known that Caravaggio lived a decade into the seventeenth century and the recent researches of Roberto Longhi seem to prove that he died at the age of thirty-seven.

There is an excellent bilbliography of some one hundred and thirty items. One feels, however, that the author might have cited Benesch's study on Cavallino (Aust. Jahrb. 1926) and Longhi's article on Battistello in *l'Arte* (1915), and also perhaps Mr. Roger Fry's *Transformations* where some interesting remarks on the Neapolitans are made in the essay entitled "The Seicento."

It should be added that the volume is indexed. It is without typographical errors although the sheets were set up in Italy and in a foreign language, a fact which reflects great credit on the printers.

Mind in the Un-Making

THE MIND AT MISCHIEF. Tricks and Deceptions of the Subconscious and How to Cope with Them. By WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

IF one accepts the title of Dr. Sadler's book as legitimate appeal to popular interest, there is little need of further concession; though the implication that the victims of the prevalent psycho-neuroses have been tricked into illness by their nervous systems or by vicious mental habits is not a helpful approach. It comes near to applying now and then, and is dramatic but exceptional. Dr. Sadler's cases show plainly how typically a slow re-education is the difficult path of release, and not a sudden discovery of a self-deception. Besides he is enough of a Freudian to accept the motive of escape as a frequent clue.

The valuable part of his book is not the supporting psychology tracing the origins of the complexes and the breeding-grounds of fears and obsessions, but the clinical account of actual cases, the neurasthenias and hysterias and psychasthenias and paranoias, that constitute the actual fauna and flora of the neurotic jungle. These may fall dominantly under one caption, such as the varieties of inferiority victims, the conscience complex, the "inadequacy" and "hesitation" tortures, or they may appear in complicated and varied break-downs. They are the minor disqualifications that have unbalanced the modern mind and made mental suffering the typical malady of the age.

Dr. Sadler is eclectic in his position and wisely so; for patients count above systems. And fundamentally the psycho-neuroses are products of nature, however precipitated by stress and tension. The basic inquiry is neurotic sensitiveness, the tendencies that are responsible for minds that lose themselves, and the procedures to be developed for their recovery. The critical problem of education is to enable these susceptibles to live above the neurotic level.

Throughout the exposition the vagaries of belief that trick believers into the séance-chamber, where they are exposed to further trickery to hold them there, are considered as of like origin and significance with the usual run of disqualifications. Much of it is genuine belief, just as the mediumistic trance is as real a trick of the subconscious as the hysterical attack with which it is associated; but it is a complex no less. The two orders of phenomena are referred to allied tendencies. The dual personalities and the paranoid convictions have no different status when they happen to be concerned with the survival of the dead or the possibilities of telepathy.

In plan and content this readable survey of the ways of the mind as it tends to unmake or mar the scheme of living in which sanity and sense dwell securely, is easily commendable. Its purpose is to interest and inform; it touches somewhat unsystematically upon high-spots of the interest which the Freudian wave has brought into human concerns. Its tendencies are sound even in controversial matters; and the over-emphasis upon popularization which appears in Dr. Sadler's earlier books is avoided in the present instance. Whether tricked or deceived or handicapped and beset, the ills that mind is heir to have, in this over-enlightened age, received the attention which is their due.

Warsaw newspapers report that foreign collectors were negotiating with officials of the cathedral in Pelplin for the purchase of a rare copy of the Gutenberg Bible at a price said to be $100,000.

Tottel's Miscellany

Edited by HYDER E. ROLLINS

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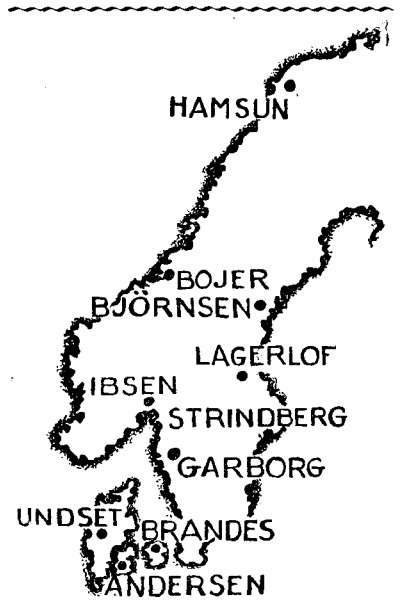

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Foreign Literature

From the Austrian Angle

DIE KATASTROPHE: Die Zertrümmerung Oesterreich-Ungarns und das Werden der Nachfolgestaaten. Von EDMUND VON GLAISE-HORSTENAU. Wien: Amalthea Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

WE confess that we are getting rather tired of war literature. It is mostly such dreary reading. But we must make an exception in the case of the present book. It is decidedly the best we have read on the subject from an Austrian point of view—comprehensive, accurate, well-informed, and as impartial as can reasonably be expected. In fact a book that within moderate limits and with its admirable bibliography fills a distinct gap on our shelf.

As Director of the Austrian War Archives and a former officer Herr von Glaise-Horstenau is able to write on military matters with authority and a full knowledge of the difficulties against which the Austrian General Staff had to contend, owing in large measure to the overwhelming influence exerted on the course of operations by Germany. The great mistake of the war, as he sees it, and his opinion is confirmed by French military writers, was that, after the collapse of the Serbian army and the alliance with Bulgaria, the Austrians did not push on to Saloniki. Nothing, he urges, could have been more foolish than to allow a defeated enemy the opportunity, with the help of the Allies, to recover its strength when a vigorous offensive would have cleared the Balkan peninsula and opened the way to Constantinople. For this blunder, of which the consequence was the collapse of the Bulgarian front in 1918, he holds Falkenhayn to have been directly responsible. So, too, in regard to Conrad Von Hötzendorf's plan for a concentrated attack on Italy in the autumn of 1916 and again in the spring of 1917, which would probably have knocked Italy out of the war.

As it was in military matters so it was in political. Austrian interests had always to yield to German. It is the misfortune of Germans that they can see things only from their own standpoint. They were angry with Austria because she would not consent to purchase Italian neutrality by the surrender of South Tyrol; but they would never listen to any suggestion to purchase peace by the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. They had been so accustomed to view things in the light of Königgrätz and Sedan that they could not conceive of any other solution of the war than a German victory. Even now they won't recognize that in the first instance they are responsible for the fate that has befallen Austria. They forget that without the encouragement they gave her to stand firm, Austria would never have ventured on a war with Russia alone. It would be all over, so Moltke said, in five weeks. And now their historians burn and rend the Hapsburgs as the perpetual curse of Germany. They forget that Austria might have saved herself if she had consented to a separate peace and that she would have been perfectly justified in doing so. For, was it not Bismarck himself who said that "there may come a time when loyalty to one's ally must yield to the necessity of self-perservation"?

That time had come for Austria in 1916 and there is little doubt that, if the Emperor, Francis Joseph, had lived a few months longer, he would have agreed to a separate peace. The mischief of the situation was that Charles fell into the hands of Czernin and Tisza and that neither of them would support him wholeheartedly in his endeavor to pursue a distinctly Austrian policy. Austria, there is no question, was sacrificed to gratify German military ambition. The wonder is, as Glaise-Horstenau says, that she was able to hold out so long and that when she fell it was not the sword of Italy that struck her to the ground, but hunger. In what he has to say of the new States that have arisen out of the ruin of the Empire Herr von Glaise-Horstenau only touches the fringe of a great problem. For those, who, like the present writer, hold that the dissolution of the Empire was a great misfortune for Europe and for civilization, the subject is one of fascinating interest and we hope that he will, as he half promised to do, give us the impartial and comprehensive review of the actual state of affairs in the succession States we so much need.

A Flemish Novelist

PIETER BREUGHEL. By FELIX TIMMERMANS. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THIS well-produced book, with its very characteristic thumbnail illustrations by the author, contains, one would say, the essence of Flanders. M. Timmermans, whose book has been translated into German by Peter Mertens, and thus made accessible to a much wider circle than that which can read it in the original, is a Flemish writer in every sense of the word—not only in race, but in choice of subject and truth to that full-blooded Flemish life he knows and appreciates so well, whether it be of today or of three or four centuries ago. The theme of his novel is the development, from childhood on through manhood, artistic success, and human happiness, to death, of the sixteenth century painter, Pieter Breughel. And in giving us the portrait of the man the writer has painted, with vigor and realism, the age into which he was born and on which, as Mr. R. H. Wilenski not long ago pointed out in his "*Introduction to Dutch Art*," he provided so telling a commentary.

Pieter Breughel was born in very humble conditions, but his artistic talents were soon recognized and he eventually was taken into the studio and the household of Coecke, a pageant-painter, representative of those tendencies in Flemish art which—again one may refer to Mr. Wilenski's book—so importantly differentiated the art of Flanders from its geographical near neighbor. The various love-affairs in which Pieter was involved before he married his master's daughter, the drinking-bouts, a matter of competition between Antwerp and Brussels, in which he took part, the life of the Flemish village, with its combination of coarse humor, fleshliness, and deep genuine piety—Roman Catholic piety, of course—all these are admirably rendered by M. Timmermans. He has also not neglected the important event of Breughel's artistic career, his visit to Italy, the impression on his mind and art of the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci in Milan, of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" and Raphael's Stanze, of the masterpieces of Titian. But most of this section of the biography is rendered indirectly; the writer's direct method of presentation is used far more with the native environment of the artist, and in particular of the spiritual and political condition of his time. Round the inn's fireside where Pieter foregathered with his companions there was constant talk of the great world beyond,

> of the Emperor Charles and his adventures, both gay and sad, of wars and eruptions, of pestilence, of Luther and Calvin, of heretics, torturings, executions, and wonders, of good and evil Popes, of famine and drought, of Father Ignatius Loyola, comets, murder, new saints. It was an age of angels and devils. And Pieter listened to it all, with rapt attention. He sat with the men at the massive beer-tables or in the circle by the roaring fire and learnt how evil, terrible, and unbearable the world was.

For Flanders the world was, of course, made all the more intolerable by the Spanish occupation, and Pieter used to reflect much on this. He often talked of it with a patriotic Flemish friar, and obtained a lively impression of the horrors committed by the Spanish soldiery—horrors which, thinly disguised or not disgused at all, he transferred to canvas. For the friar, as for himself, the struggle raised a conflict between his religion and his love of country. Pieter, declining to choose between things so equally essential to him, dropped all interest in politics, at the end ordering the destruction of some of his bitterest pictures, for fear of the trouble they might bring on his wife.

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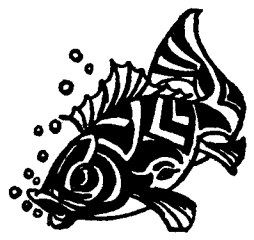

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But the great Hoboken venture interfered. Strenuous days followed, when he set out to establish the "last seacoast of Bohemia." Between his work as a producer and his work as a writer, we had to share Mr. Morley with the town across the river—or else take the ferry to see his latest play.

Christopher Morley has seidled thousands of New Yorkers over to Hoboken. *After Dark: or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow* is rounding out its 52nd week at the old Rialto. *The Shoestring Revue* is opening at the Lyric, and two new plays are in rehearsal.

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Points of View

A Stupid Censorship

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I venture to enclose as of possible interest, the following copy of a letter that I have mailed today to the Collector of Customs at Chicago:

To the Collector of Customs,
Chicago, Illinois,
My dear Sir:

I am informed that on September 23 you seized, under Section 305 of the Tariff Act a parcel containing the Complete Works of Rabelais, which I had mailed to a correspondent in your district, C. R. Wilson, at Oak Park, Illinois.

I may observe that this issue of the Works of Rabelais was published in the United States only a few months ago. It was advertised extensively in the whole literary press of the country, and, as far as I am aware, it is freely circulated and sold in the domestic market. The copy which you confiscated is one that was sent me by the New York *Nation* for review, and my review of it has probably appeared by this time. You will probably perceive at once that under these circumstances a seizure of the books at a port of entry is simply silly.

Furthermore I may observe for your information that the Works of Rabelais are one of the great classics of the world's literature, and that a discrimination against them as obscene would hold equally against the English Bible, and the works (among many others) of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and Swift—all which I understand are freely imported and sold.

My correspondent to whom the parcel was addressed is a scholar, Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, who lately collaborated with me in an essay on Rabelais, which is now being issued by one of the oldest and best known publishing houses in the United States. Fortunately the volumes which you confiscated are of no value to a scholar or even to a serious reader. I sent them to my colleague only as a literary curiosity of no importance. Hence they are not worth the trouble of reclamation by any of the methods which you kindly point out as available. I am, however, sending a copy of this letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, thinking it possible that he may wish to dissociate himself from this utterly ridiculous proceeding.

I am very truly yours,
ALBERT JAY NOCK.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*.
SIR:

You have, probably read of the efforts of Honorable Bronson Cutting, United States Senator from New Mexico, to eliminate the Customs censorship on books published in foreign countries. While I am only an innocent bystander in this matter, nevertheless I believe that Senator Cutting's fight is worthy of the support of all citizens who are opposed to arbitrary restrictions on the admission of literary classics from abroad.

I have had several editions of classics destroyed by Custom officials, which probably can never be replaced. The absurdity of the present immigration policy appears when it is recalled that Boccaccio's "Decameron," which is on the embargo list, is being freely circulated in cheap editions in this country and may be bought from almost any local dealer. This is true of numerous other literary classics.

In a letter from Senator Cutting, he advises that the question is far from settled and states that Senator Smooth has asked for another vote on the question. I am wondering if you would be willing to use your wide spread influence through the columns of the *Saturday Review* or in an interview to the daily papers on this subject. I am sure that your support of Senator Cutting's position would prove of great benefit to the cause he represents.

Very sincerely yours,
W. B. BIZZELL.
President University of Oklahoma.

In response to the above communication the Editors of the Saturday Review *sent the following telegrams:*

Hon. Reed Smoot
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

The Editorial Board of *The Saturday Review of Literature* urges you to use your influence to prevent a reinsertion of the provision for Customs Censorship in the Tariff Bill. This provision is injurious in the highest degree to the cause of literature and education. In saying this we believe that we speak not only for the nation wide subscription list of *The Saturday Review,* but for writers, scholars, critics, and intelligent readers throughout the United States.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
AMY LOVEMAN
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Hon. Bronson Cutting
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

The Editorial Board of *The Saturday Review of Literature* wishes to commend your stand on Customs censorship of books and strongly urges you to resist any attempt to turn the clock back. We believe that we speak not only for the nation wide subscription list of *The Saturday Review,* but for writers, scholars, critics, and intelligent readers throughout the United States.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
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"Francis and Grigory"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I have a trifle of your space to hurl a few comments in the general direction of Mr. Aldous Huxley? They are in connection with his article in your issue of October 19th. First, before hostilities commence, I wish to state he is a particular friend of mine. Any man is who writes, in a footnote—"I follow Sabatier . . . chiefly (alas for Historical Truth!) because it makes a better story and fits in more aptly with what I wanted to say." This is extremely likable. But the assumed friendship only lends more urgency to my notes.

The theme of his thought is clear enough. The golden mean—so much of this, so much of that—it is an old formula and undoubtedly contains much truth. But why such incongruous figures to illustrate his remarks? Why not Marcus Aurelius versus Mussolini? At least that would be something to work on, they were both good Romans. Or better yet, John the Baptist and Joseph Caiaphas.

Mr. Aldous Huxley jokingly believes Francis was a record-breaking fox trotter and Mr. Rasputin was a philosopher with a message for the world. Now if Mr. Aldous Huxley had been playing for keeps he would have lost all of his marbles on that one shot. But I said "jokingly." A little later we see—"But a virtuous temperament is a negative thing." This will be charitably accepted as a slight mistake by anyone who knows the meaning of *virtus.* Strength is positive in any language. Consider virginity, which is only a small facet of virtue but which is pointed out in Mr. Huxley's own stories as an extremely active and positive condition. Indeed, it had to be.

I shall quote now two sentences that were apparently intended to knock the pedestal from beneath the feet of poor Francis. "But to submit to other people's will against his own desires—that was a very different matter to Confucius, Mohamet, Jesus Christ, and Mahatma Ghandi." "To abase yourself on principle, because such is your will, to mortify your flesh and thwart your instincts in order to assert your conscious personality—is this humility?" What is it, then? Have the Greeks and Christians taught the same lesson for naught? Is it wrong to abase yourself or do anything on principle? What must we do it on—whiskey?

After this Mr. Huxley turns his attention to the rather awkward philosophy of Rasputin. Salvation is through repentance. Repentance is pleasing to God. Without sin there can be no repentance. Then there is a line of dots similar to the ones Mr. Huxley uses a great deal in his novels. There must be some connection between these dots and sin. But it seems to me the god of Mr. Rasputin and Mr. Huxley is a silly god, and I have the impression he giggles a lot.

Mr. Huxley next asserts that Rasputin directed his followers to let the spirit abase itself before the flesh, the will before the instinct, and the intellect before the passions. Now passions, instinct, and flesh are natural, yet—"Nature worship is a modern, artificial and somewhat precarious invention of refined minds." You see, it is rather confusing.

Then there's a realistic bit about a stink, a short appreciation of Wordsworth, and something about a pig getting its leg cut off by an imbecile. Mr. Huxley covers too much ground. It is very difficult to follow him.

Speaking of cutting a pig, do you remember Mr. Rasputin was sliced a bit a few years before his death? The reports did not call the woman an imbecile, however. She probably held the strong belief that Mr. Rasputin, with his overwhelming love for Jesus Christ, for God, and for Nature, should have confined his activities to animals.

I sincerely trust we shall have something else from Mr. Huxley's pen shortly—perhaps a treatise on the respective philosophies of Plato and Al Capone.

JOHN M. DOBBS.
Nutley, N. J.

Chester A. Arthur

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am preparing a biography of Chester A. Arthur and seek assistance in locating letters written by him. Persons who have letters written by General Arthur at any stage of his career are urged to notify me, stating to whom they are addressed and the date of writing. Letters loaned to me will be promptly copied and returned. All such assistance will be acknowledged in the book.

GEORGE F. HOWE.
University of Cincinnati.

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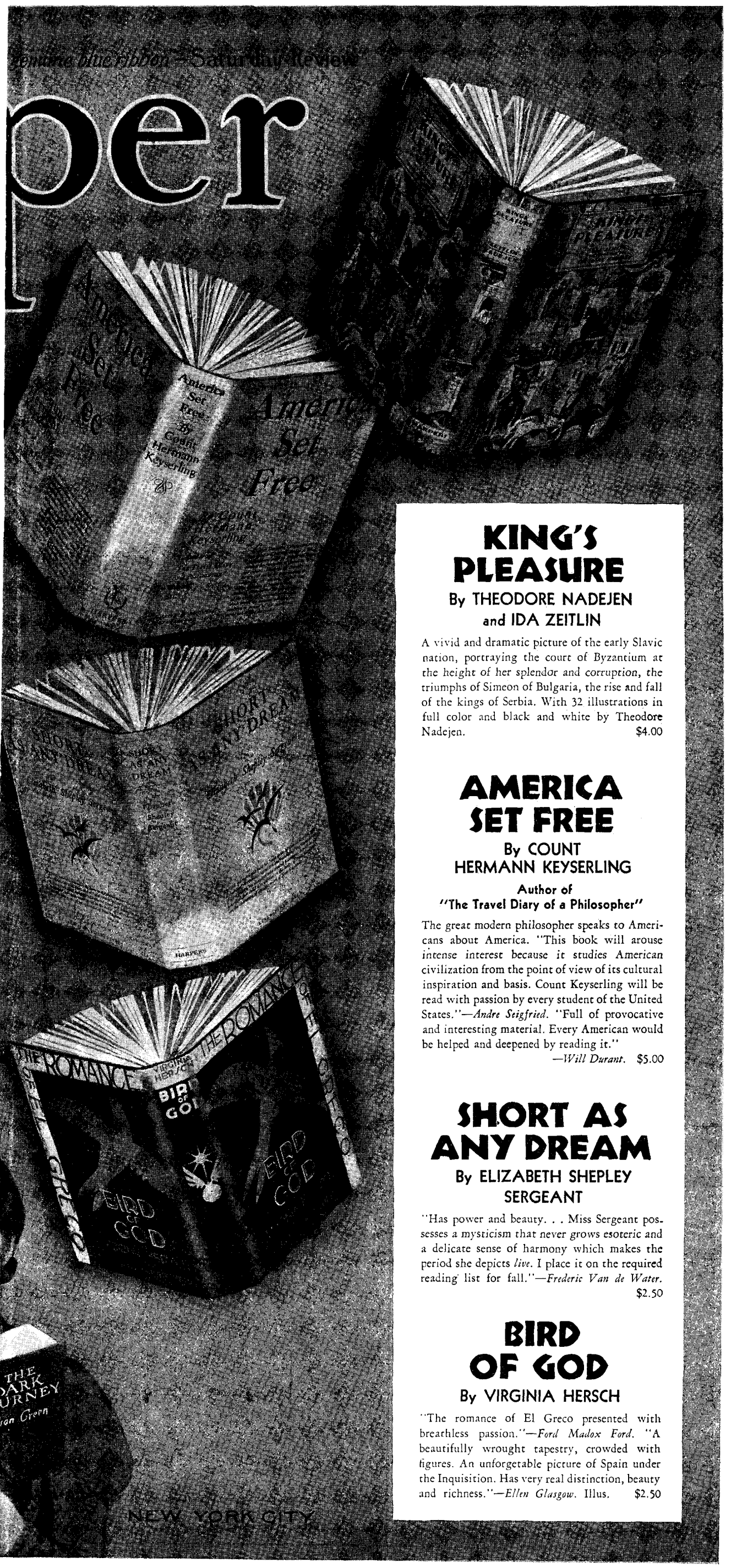

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Mr. Richard Curle, the Conrad authority, whose comment has been quoted above, explained its peculiar excellence in his review in this journal. He said, in part: "Mr. Keating's Conrad collection is remarkable for its completeness, for its out-of-the-way manuscript material, and for its close association with Conrad himself." But the book is more than the definitive bibliography. It contains new Prefaces to the major novels written by distinguished men of letters in England and the United States. In the words of Mr. Curle: "Thus Mr. Keating's monograph is not only a record of the man and the author, but a critical estimate of his genius."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

JOHN RAMAGE. By FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN. Privately printed at the George Grady Press. 1929.

John Ramage was a successful miniaturist of the last part of the eighteenth century. Fortunately, perhaps, for his reputation, the period of his greatest popularity came at the time when the leaders of the Revolution were the logical subjects for a fashionable portrait painter. In spite of his technical ability, Ramage's chief significance is to the historian rather than to the artist, for his artistic importance is overshadowed by the great Malbone, who came soon after.

Mr. Sherman's catalogue contains thirty-seven excellent rotogravure reproductions of Ramage miniatures. There are brief but competent biographical and critical notes. The growing number of miniature collectors in America will welcome this addition to the somewhat limited bibliography of the art.

Belles Lettres

THE THREE HALF MOONS. By F. W. BOREHAM. Abingdon. 1929.

Mr. Boreham has been pastor of churches in New Zealand, Tasmania, and Australia for thirty-five years, and has also been a prolific writer. His essays suggest the habit of addresses. They are usually variations around a theme whose text is an incident. It is difficult to see why his admirers call him "scintillating" or "whimsical," but it is easy to see why they find him helpful as a writer and admirable as a man.

HOW TO BE A HERMIT; or, A BACHELOR KEEPS HOUSE. By WILL CUPPY. Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

These twenty-eight essays are easy-going and ruminative. Would Mr. Cuppy writhe if we said that they are also whimsical? It is not the fashion these days to be whimsical, yet somehow Mr. Cuppy is just that and little more. Our more representative humorists — representative, that is, of the strictly contemporary state of mind—are sharper, more tangy and biting than Mr. Cuppy shows himself to be. Lardner, Benchley, Stewart, and Ford, to mention no others, are surely more gratifying to the reader of the day than is Mr. Cuppy. "How to Be a Hermit" may well be a relief to those sensitive and less nimble souls who feel ill at ease under the asperities and barbs of Lardner and the rest. Gentle spirits may find themselves enjoying the lengthy and monotonous song and dance concerning Jones's Island and the Cuppy hermitage near the Coast Guard station; but then again, they may not. We, for one, feel that Mr. Cuppy is not the man to do the job he sets for himself; he has neither the wits nor the resources to keep us interested during twenty-eight versions of "how quaint and interesting this man Cuppy must be!"

Biography

HENRY FORD, MOTOR GENIUS. By WILLIAM A. SIMONDS. Including a Pictorial Supplement Showing a Trip Through the Dearborn Plant. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

A short biography of the great industrialist, written in the Algeresque manner, this book, though "for older boys and girls," is not without definite interest also for mature readers. It gives a clear-cut, simple, chronological survey of Ford's life and achievements from his arrival, a youth of seventeen, at Detroit in 1880 up to the present. No attempt, of course, is made to psychoanalyze the Ford genius, nor to fix his place in industrial world history, but one will hardly read the book without retaining from it a very comprehensive and illuminating impression of the man, his ideals, and constructive attainments.

A GIRL IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By ANDRÉE VIOLLIS. Crowell. 1929. $2.50.

Mlle. Viollis is a young French journalist who was educated both in her own country and at Oxford. She wrote a novel, "Criquet," just before the war, which attracted favorable notice, served as a nurse and as contributor to the *Petit Parisien* and the Northcliffe papers during the war, and in 1927 wrote a biography of Mme. de la Fayette. Then she made a long trip through Soviet Russia, visiting the usual places, and Tiflis, Baku, Batoum, and Erivan as well, and this book is a record of her impressions.

It is a bright, fair, objective report, filled with things actually seen and heard; and if it doesn't tell much that hasn't been told by some one or another of the many journalists who have made similar visits, it is always intelligent, and written in a light but penetrating French manner which makes it better reading than many of its predecessors. In general, Mlle. Vollis is "friendly" to the new order, to the extent that she always puts things as the new Russian generation itself sees them, only now and again slipping in a modest little doubt or question of her own. A very readable book, as good as any for those who want a general impression of present-day Russia and are not burdened with too much personal acquaintance with a complex subject.

Fiction

CATS IN THE ISLE OF MAN. By DAISY FELLOWES. Dial. 1929. $2.50.

The title of this unsubstantial, pointless novel has no bearing whatever upon the contents of the story, which is a tale of mismating, illicit love, and connubial deception among decayed Parisian aristocrats of the pre- and post-war eras. Claudia, the vaguely realized heroine, daughter of a dissolute French prince and his late American wife, though loving another man marries an elderly count, whom she then proceeds to cuckold. Her husband slyly retaliates by electing an ex-servant girl, now a notorious *cocotte*, his mistress, which so annoys his wife that she elopes with her lover, but returns in sorrow when the sweetheart coldly turns her down. The tale is written with an urbane simplicity of style which is infinitely superior to its ephemeral materials.

PASSAGE TO THE SKY. By HOWARD COXE. Boni. 1929. $2.50.

The scene of "Passage to the Sky" is modern Florence, with American expatriates in the center of the stage. The characters are Estelle Norton, who at forty-five found it necessary to have an appealing young man near at hand; Felix Pye, one of the young men, who under stress found himself definitely homosexual; Paolo, another young man, who got what he wanted and then cleared out; Mr. Applegate, a homosexualist who happened also to be tiresome, and Mrs. Pye, a matron who had murdered her husband. The action consists of Estelle's successive affairs, of Felix's suicide, and of Estelle's final decision not to reform just yet, but to go off for a week or two with Paolo.

The great god Futility broods over this novel, enervating the characters as well as the narrative. If (as Mr. Coxe implies) we have no right to censure conduct, nor any reason to expect anything from life, we shall write novels that are dull, superficial, and pointless. Mr. Coxe does not rebel against the meaninglessness of his characters nor the pointlessness of their days; surely he was not so ingenuous as to hope that a novel faithful to that way of life could be either moving or significant. He writes well enough, but he has nothing to say—except "They did this and then that." By definition, a true futilitarian cannot write a good novel. The really puzzling thing is this; why should he bother to write at all?

THE LITTLE GOLD RING, and Other Stories. By COSMO HAMILTON. Putnam. 1929. $2.

These seventeen short stories, the majority of which were previously published in popular magazines, contain excellent light entertainment, much sprightly comment on the spectacle of modernity, and a liberal variety of situations and characters. The plots are based mainly upon the sentimental dilemmas of sophisticated English people, wilful girls bent upon having their own way in defiance of convention; cynical, elderly philosophers benignly adjusting the troubles of their juniors, dashing young fellows struggling with the obstacles to their hearts' desire. Though it is evident there is not a masterpiece in the lot, not more than three of the tales are completely without merit, which leaves the book with fourteen acceptable specimens and a goodly average in quality for the collection as a whole.

(*Continued on page* 490)

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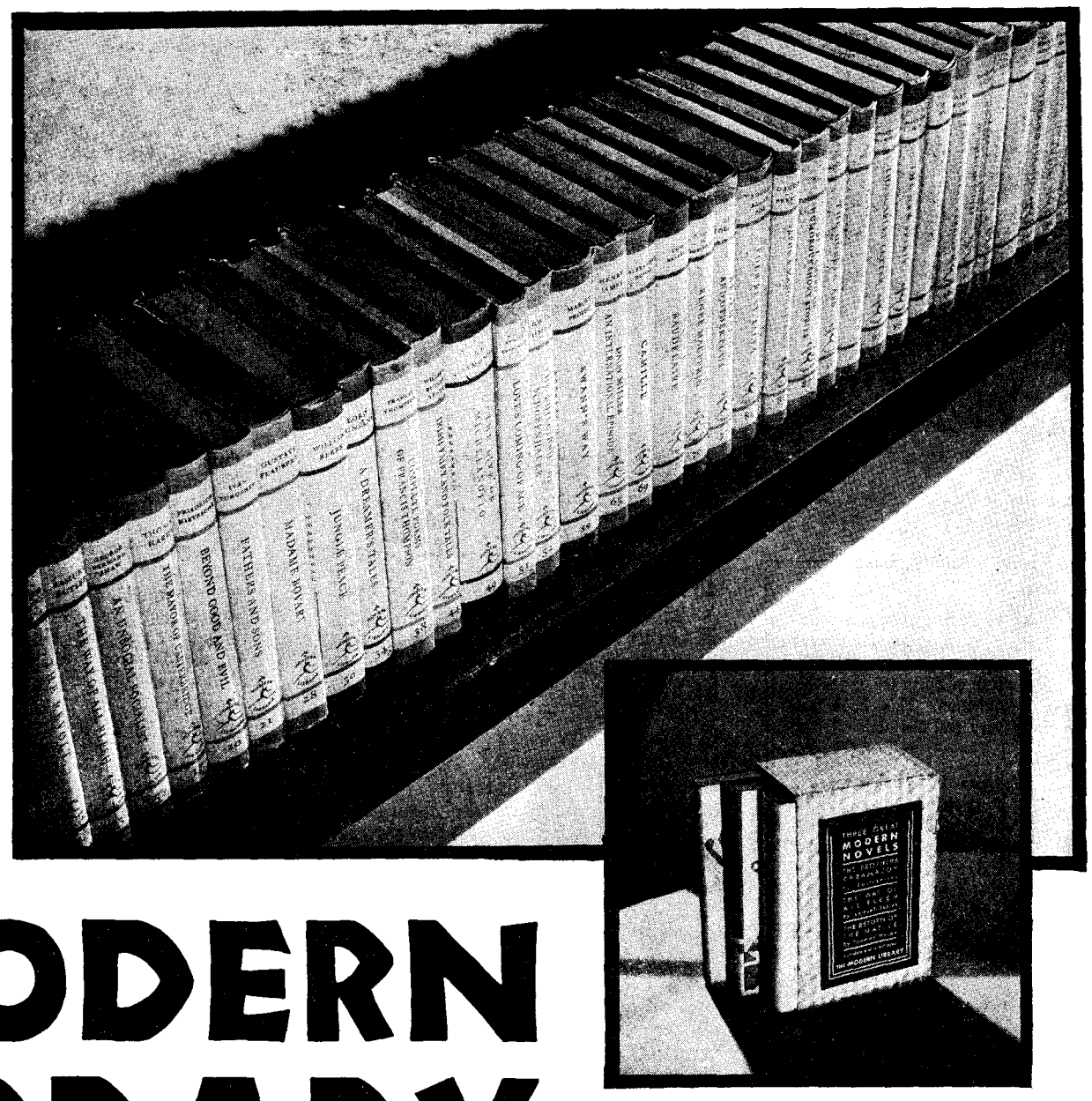

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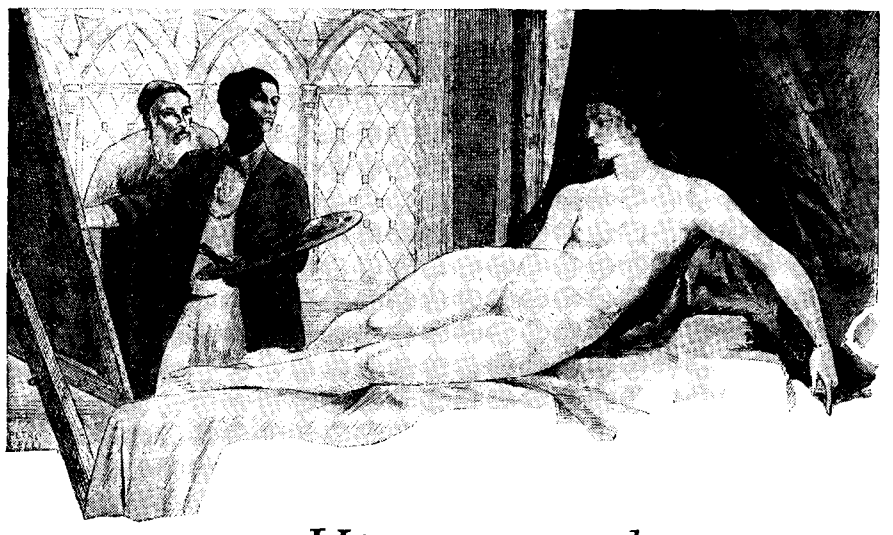

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A NEW and interesting Middle Western poet, Leroy MacLeod, has just published a volume through Covici-Friede entitled "Driven." We have not read it thoroughly, but we have read enough of it to discern sincere emotional quality, narrative power, and definiteness of outline. "Drouth," the longest poem, takes up almost one hundred pages of the book's total one hundred and sixty. It is a poem with a farm setting. The other, much briefer, narrative is "The Gull," a study of desire tortured by philosophy. There are also sonnets and shorter poems. In our own opinion, Mr. MacLeod has not yet sufficiently impressed the stamp of his own personality upon his phrasing. That is an easy thing to aver and a hard thing to define, but we hold to it. Robert Nichols, the English poet, is quoted upon the jacket of the book as saying that this is the only American poet he has found "with the 'Hardy' quality." We find that rather a vague statement. We cannot trace the resemblance. If it is a philosophical one, we fail to perceive it. The "sport of Fate" idea is by no means all of Hardy, and Mr. MacLeod's reaction to life lacks much of the depth, resonance, and technical intricacy one finds in the Wessex master. Nevertheless, the American's work is at grips with reality, and he can write with descriptive force. Some of his best writing deals with the desirousness of the spirit warring against the desirousness of the flesh. However, what he has Belle, the farm-wife, thinking of as "the lewdness of love's night" seems rather to weigh upon him. This is not entirely adult. "Lewd" is a word that has a definite meaning and describes a definite attitude of mind and its results, but the manifestation of physical passion in love is not necessarily lewd at all. It is mixed of many elements, just as human love in its whole relationship is mixed of many more. We do not feel Mr. MacLeod to be wholly adequate in his treatment of love in his narratives, even though he is presumably dealing with the stricken average. However, he is writing dramatically, and forceful drama demands a certain narrow channeling. We believe that this poet is now completing a novel. It may be that his best work will yet be done in prose, though he writes poetry with intelligence.

There are two fairly veteran poets whose work we admire for salience of phrase. One is Joseph Auslander. The other is George O'Neil. We pointed out some time ago how far O'Neil had progressed from his earlier work in his second volume of poems, "The White Rooster." His third, now before us, "God-Beguiled," is even more subtle, though the pure poetry in it seems to run somewhat thinner. O'Neil's phrase, however, is even nimbler than before, wherefore, sometimes, his precise meaning eludes like quicksilver. However, in "Invectice" he answers this, to damn

all the lofty carping,
The sterile hating,
The picayunish harping
Deprecating
Whenever instinct vaults
A thought straining,
Where reasoning defaults
And the soul't gaining
Is gathered as a vision
Swiftly clear.

Which is quite a proper retort from a true poet. For all the quietness of many of his poems, the aloofness, the cool, pellucid, sometimes brittle, epithet, he has also *panache.*

O'Neil's poetry indeed recalls a phrase from a poem by Joseph Auslander in his recent "Letters to Women," in which he is speaking of the late Elinor Wylie and says, "the palate of your soul discerned amid a muddled world the gleam of edges." O'Neil's work also is fastidious. He eschews the obvious, has his own hauteur, though often dreamy and remote, and, as he says,

it is much to hold
A sword in the sunlight
Burning.

In his third poem of a group called "Broken Music," a poem whose individual title is "Two," he has briefly (and conciseness is a virtue of his) said about everything that is to be said concerning the torment of a love for which both speech and touch are inadequate.

And here, before we turn to Mr. Auslander's most recent book, to which we have already referred, we wish to interpolate comment upon another volume which we have already recommended, Mr. S. Foster Damon's "Tilted Moons" (Harpers). Though Mr. Damon is not as fine a poet as either O'Neil or Auslander, he has an original mind, achieves a delicate trancelike quality in a number of his poems, and can write with delightful freshness and impressionism of, for instance, a swimmer diving, in "Image and After-Image." To our mind this is one of his best poems. "Insomnia" is another good one, and "Pageant" like a strange nightmare. "Second Spring" contains this beautiful next-to-last verse which has greatly struck us:

I answered: "When once my eyes reached to
her face
Which was bent down from octaves past the
sun,
Then the deep lips on which I fixed my gaze
Moved with the power to pierce oblivion.
Her name and mine she spoke; yet they were
one.
Together, love and death formed one more
word.
I have no way to say what was the third."

The poets who were Dante's contemporaries would have been glad to write such verse as that, to say nothing of their compiler and translator, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Although in his "Apology," which prefaces his "Letters to Women," Joseph Auslander says, "The letter form moved admirably to my purpose," we cannot see these poems most truly as epistles. Rather are they invocations and evocations. The poorest is undoubtedly the "Letter to Virginia Clemm," the most spacious and vivid the "Letter to Amy Lowell." In most of its verses the "Letter to Elinor Wylie" has the inevitable accent which is worthy of her. Most beautifully he expresses the problem of the human woman who is also a dedicated artist:

If love prevail, how should the mind main-
tain
Her fierce fastidious empire? Dispossessed
Of love, how should the banners of the brain
Stretch upon what wind, stream upon what
crest?

The "Letter to Emily Dickinson" we have found almost uncanny in its understanding. It has phrases exquisitely descriptive, as

Beneath the frugal frosty lens
Of your dispassionate double sense,

a phrase which, by the way, is also apt for the later American woman poet mentioned just previously.

If one takes Mr. Auslander's portraits of Amy Lowell and Emily Dickinson for examination and comparison, one has the most thorough critical work in the book as well as most of its best poetry. The achievement is high. This is not to say that the "Letter to Eleonora Duse" and those to Sappho and Lot's Wife have not also their merits and the "Letter to Fanny Brawne" its curious interest. But to capture as completely the essential qualities of two as different poets as Amy Lowell and Emily Dickinson and to give them so vividly life and breath in their own time and place serve to illustrate the range of Mr. Auslander's powers of appreciation. And yet, as we say this we know, that, as all true artists live in detachment, so these, together with Elinor Wylie, lived in detachments differing in appurtenance, perhaps, but not at root dissimilar at all. All, indeed, were alike in being at heart New Englanders. Two were so by birth; but all that Elinor Wylie has said, in her sonnet-sequence "Wild Peaches," of how much New England meant to her was, in fact, deeply and genuinely felt since she spent her first summmer in Maine as a child. In her "Lilacs," one of her finest poems, Miss Lowell, on the other hand, has paid her own great tribute to New England. As for the inimitable Emily, it was the fibre of her being,—its independence as well as its strictness.

Nevertheless, though in a differing proud loneliness Amy Lowell and Emily Dickinson were essentially the same, their temperaments, obviously, displayed great and salient differences; the body of the poetry of each assumes entirely different contours; their methods are sharply contrasted. All this Mr. Auslander has brought out in well-wrought and well-rounded tributes. Also his comments upon the little minds of the age we live in, as contrasted with such heroic women as Elinor Wylie, Amy Lowell, Duse, Emily Dickinson, and Sappho, are pungent and have thrust.

Concerning his Byronic "Postscript," however, we are somewhat doubtful. It is brief, to be sure, and he shows himself almost as deft at the stanza as its incomparable modern utilizer, Leonard Bacon; but it is anticlimax, after all. For all that, we hold the better part of this book in high esteem.

Recommended:

(*Continued on page 495*)

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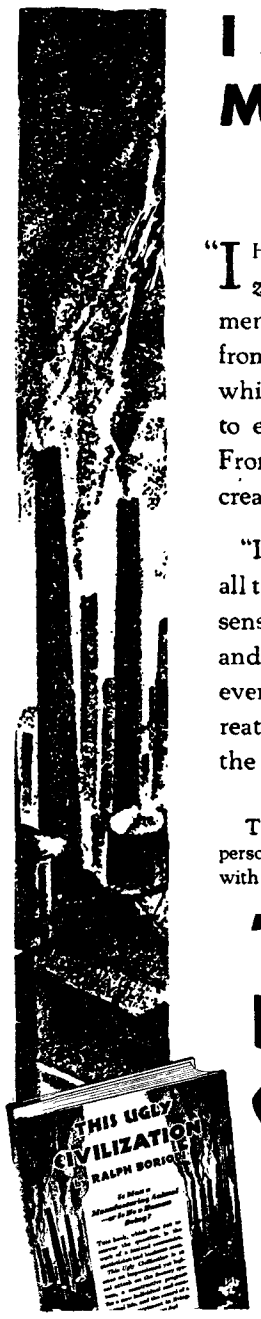

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(*Continued from page* 486)

THE BULL WHIP. By JANE ENGLAND. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Jane England's first novel of South Africa proved her a shrewd observer and engaging reporter of life in that interesting country; her second is a better work, and would be better still if this natural realist could resist the temptation to bring in the trappings of romanticism in the happy ending. Not that the clearing up of the horror that overhung Davida Bruce's life on the Rhodesian veldt lacks plausibility; given the premises, the happy ending is logical enough. But one cannot help feeling that Davida got, at the end, rather more of the breaks than could have been expected by the law of averages; and, a more serious complaint, the facile conclusion is an anticlimax after the atmosphere of mounting tragedy in the earlier chapters.

Those first chapters, in which Davida lives on the remote farm with her silent husband, her peculiar sister-in-law, and her father-in-law whose occasional lapses into drunkenness bring him almost to the edge of insanity, are first-rate work; first-rate, too, are the characters of the father-in-law himself, Old Man Bruce, and above all of Alice, the sister-in-law, whose tragedy was none the less real for being comic and none the less comic for being real. All the people in this book are alive; but for the American reader the chief interest, inevitably, lies in the setting. That familiar lure of Africa on which all novelists insist is here; and something quite as familiar, the complaints of farmers in need of relief.

The Rhodesian pioneers, like some at least of our Western pioneers, were a heroic race; the generation that followed the pioneers, in both cases, was in the main poorer stuff. These Rhodesian farmers, like our farmers, complained of the extortions of the middlemen and the indifference of the government; but they also

showed the firm denseness and objection to progressive farming that seems indivisible from most farmers. . . . There were a few successful men; and there were those who just squatted on their farms, never making any money, but managing to exist; and the Dutch—they stuck to the land and had large families. Otherwise it seemed that people had always just arrived, full of enthusiasm, full of hope—or else they were just going broke, hanging on and on.

Americans who may contemplate settling in that country ought to be warned that local ethics require a man who is asked to advise a new-comer about the value of a farm he wants to buy to set the value high, if it belongs to a friend of his who needs the money to get back to England. If, on the other hand, it belongs to a land company, he is permitted to tell the truth. This and much more will be found of interest aside from the story, which is a good enough story, but not so good a one as Miss England could tell if she could rid herself of a tenderness for characters who deserve good fortune.

SERENADE TO THE HANGMAN. By MAURICE DEKOBRA. Translated by NEAL WAINWRIGHT. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

M. Dekobra needs no introduction to American readers, since several of his gaudy romances have already appeared in English and met with considerable, if ill-merited, favor. The newest of them has for hero a lecherous Franco-Egyptian half-breed of great wealth and noble Mohammedan paternity who is involved by his mistress in a communist conspiracy against the Turkish government, for which he is imprisoned in Constantinople and sentenced to be hanged. From that dire plight he is rescued, but with vengeful intention, by the husband of a former mistress, Dr. Schomberg, the famous psychiatrist, on condition that just one year thereafter the condemned man will kill himself. His allotted time is spent pleasurably by the swarthy gallant, idling luxuriously about Europe with still another mistress, a Montmartre courtesan he acquires in Alexandria. When his appointed hour dawns, from beneath the fearful Schomberg's very nose he again purloins the scientist's naughty wife and again elopes with her. A very gay and roguish tale, it is scarcely suitable fare for the serious-minded.

THE BODY ON THE FLOOR. By NANCY BARR MAVITY. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Exaggerated human interest stuff (as a rule introduced sparingly in the first-rate novel of detection), combined with endless irrelevant dialogue, so heavily crowds this mystery tale as to obscure its slender merits almost completely. An affluent, love-obsessed, middle-aged woman, estranged from her husband, the mother of two grown daughters, has been living in sin with a man half her years who has finally wearied of and left her. In the ranch house where she continues to live her dead body is discovered, ostensibly a case of suicide but actually one of murder. A kittenish newspaper reporter (he once correctly terms himself "an egregious, braying ass"), employed to cover the mystery, at last clears up the problem in the concluding dozen pages of the book. There may originally have been a plot substantial enough to sustain a tale of novelette length, but there is obviously not enough to justify a full-sized book.

ON THE MAKE. By JOHN RIORDAN. Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.50.

The stories in this book are so dull, flat, and insipid that one wonders why the author took the trouble to write them or the publisher to print them. Mr. Riordan seems to have attempted the Hemingway formula: his conversations ramble disconnectedly, he writes childishly simple sentences, and he declines to explain, or even fully describe, the actions of his puppets. His one innovation is an unhappy one: he has omitted even the modicum of "point" that Hemingway allows to his tales. People do and say things but neither their speech nor their actions come to anything, indeed, have any discoverable significance. The characters are incomprehensible, not because of any depth or subtlety in treatment, but simply because the author tells us practically nothing about them. After a few pages his Helens and Jims and Steves become utterly indistinguishable from one another, since they all act and talk in exactly the same way. They may be "hard boiled boys and girls" as the cover boasts, but they are also uncommonly boring boys and girls. Mr. Riordan's writing shows no signs of talent, or even individuality. It is as thin and commonplace as the rest of the book.

RICH BRAT. By FORREST WILSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.50.

Drawing upon his extensive acquaintance with the inner workings of famous Paris dressmaking establishments, Mr. Wilson here tells a tale of marked freshness, enlivened by a vivid company of types which seem to be representative of the capital's gown industry in all its phases. There comes confidently to the celebrated atelier of Charmy, for generations supreme arbiter of the world's feminine fashions, Rodney Cobb, a swaggering young go-getter from Missouri, co-partner in a small-town shop retailing women's apparel. He proposes to import a few Charmy models for his business, and is overwhelmed by the honor accorded him when the hereditary head of the great House offers to sell him a million francs' worth of stock (in real money about $50,000) in the firm of Charmy. Naturally unaware that this M. Phillippe is a rogue, cheat, spendthrift, gambler, and profligate, whose excesses have all but ruined his rich and ancient property, which is now secretly owned by two French bankers, Rodney entrusts every dollar he possesses to the hands of the thieving modist.

For Rodney the upshot of their connection is tragic in the extreme, since Charmy, using his Russian mistress as a decoy, completely beggars the American and discredits his every claim for restitution. Thus cruelly victimized, the hapless youth vanishes, sinks rapidly to the depths of drunkenness and at last, a penniless vagrant, is reduced to earning his bread as a Paris street laborer. From these dire straits his faithful American friends finally rescue him, and Rodney is reclaimed to find that his Charmy investment has miraculously made of him a millionaire. A few minor blemishes mar the story, but all in all the book is competently done and vastly entertaining.

THE MARK OF THE RAT. By ARNOLD FREDERICKS. Sears. 1929. $2.

The strong points of this skilfully told detective story are its suspense and the concentrated intensity of its action. It takes place within the space of three days, at a Virginia country-house occupied by the owner, a retired speculator, his wife, her sister, and several other guests. Late at night an unknown intruder, his face scarred with the underworld's "Mark of the Rat," breaks into the premises and is strangled, his remains, soon after the discovery of the crime, being mysteriously spirited away. Thereafter, what happens is related in alternate chapters by the various participants in the gripping events which ensue, the tale reaching its climax in the occurrence of two nightmarish murders. Ripe, ready-made material abounds in the story for a movie melodrama of exceptional effectiveness.

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THE SUBTLE TRAIL. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Mr. Gollomb in this novel adds his quota to the large band of detective fiction in the form of the Goldfish, an individual of no passion or emotion save curiosity. His particular method of detection is by psychology, although in addition he seems to possess a knowledge of some rare drugs which comes in handy. The Goldfish on the whole appears to do his duty in a manner which resembles tolerably well that of other detectives in other novels. To be honest, there are a few cases in which he acts in a manner quite sensational and original. But he does his duty nobly; he ferrets out the crime before it really starts, ferrets out the originator of the crime, and drives him to death under a train in a subway. It is a readable novel but not really a good detective story. Mr. Gollomb asks us to accept too many things which strain our sense of reality. It doesn't make his novel less readable but it does make it less artistic.

HOLLYWOOD GIRL. By J. P. McEVOY. Simon & Schuster. 1929. $2.

The McEvoy humor is still going strong. "Hollywood Girl" takes Dixie Dugan, our old friend of "Show Girl," and projects her into the antics and inanities of Hollywood. Mr. McEvoy employs again the delightful method of "Show Girl" in putting his story across. He uses anything but sober narratives: telegrams, letters, excerpts from *Variety* and every other paper read by good Hollywoodians; snatches of dialogue heard here and there; and, for our surprise, one stretch of pure stream of consciousness in James Joyce's best manner. To be sure, there is a plot: will Dixie get a break in the pictures, will she marry, and if so, whom? But this plot is just about as absorbing as last night's newspapers. Dixie's marriage is merely so much sawdust, and Mr. McEvoy knows it. It's the wisecracks that count—wisecracks allusive and sly, wisecracks new last Tuesday, wisecracks just this side of being not quite nice, and just plain garden wisecracks. Mr. McEvoy is a master of the day's idiom, a genius in the juggling of the pointed topicality. Five years from now "Show Girl" and "Hollywood Girl" will need a glossary; to-day, however, they are quite first-class and should on no account be missed by the alert-minded citizenry.

But "Hollywood Girl" is not all laughs. Mr. McEvoy has been in Hollywood, and by evidence of this book he hated it. Throughout these later adventures of Dixie, there is an undercurrent of bitter condemnation of the life, the standards, the ethics of Hollywood. We see Dixie unhappy and friendless, resolutely sticking to her decency, when a "yes" and a few hours of acquiescence would have made everything easy. We see the terrifying stupidity of many of the producers and their underlings; we sense the peculiar poignancy of growing just a little too old. True, all this has been said many times already; it may be damned as hopelessly trite. Well, perhaps it is, but more likely it is important enough to say again, to keep on saying as often as we can find anyone as effective as Mr. McEvoy to repeat it for us. If any screen-struck girl wants to play with Hollywood fire, let her first read between the lines of Mr. McEvoy's humor.

Readers of *Variety* (a periodical whose circulation would be over a million a week if the right people were incited to have a try at it) will howl with joy at "Hollywood Girl," and everyone else with any appreciation of the lighter aspects of his times will snuggle into his easy chair and treasure every quip and crack as so much pure gold.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on the next page*)

HOLIDAY POND. By EDITH M. PATCH. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

In this little book, so charmingly gotten out, ten phases of animal or insect life in or around Holiday Pond are described. Each is a small life cycle, told as a true story—the hero endowed, of course, with a real name to lend verity to the situation. It is perhaps too grandiloquent to say that the book has a simple dignity, in its quiet and straightforward style; but it is, indeed, very delightful to read,—not lively enough, perhaps, for the youngest children, but excellent material for those just above, in its suggestion of quiet and friendly observation of small live things all about. The illustrations, partly photographs and partly quaint and imaginative drawings, add much to the reader's pleasure. The book is square and rather flat, and offers a pleasant firmness for a child's grasp.

(*Continued on page* 499)

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Children's Book Clubs

By KATHERINE ULRICH

CHILDREN'S book clubs are a product of the age of vitamin D, of pulverized vegetables and specialized private schools and sun lamps. In other words, they belong to the age when parents are doing everything in their power to get the best that is available for the mental, cultural, and physical development of their offspring. Children's book clubs belong to to-day and probably to to-morrow. Yesterday they would have been out of place and misunderstood.

There is no need to rehearse the changes which conspired to bring this condition about. For one thing, the day of the development of the child is also the day of the emancipation of the parent. Strangely enough, though the two seem to be at odds with each other, they are working together to create something that will be of mutual value. Life at the present is full, crowded, and hurried. And parents are certainly more sensible, more modest than parents of fifty years ago who believed that by the mere act of parenthood they were licensed to assume complete charge of their child's welfare.

Of the various methods of learning to read I think that we all agree that the most desirable road to an appreciation of books is access to a bulging library and freedom therein. The growing-up reader will select and discard quite rightly as his tastes and experience and interest keep step with his years. Unfortunately this approach to intelligent reading presupposes a natural born inclination to read, a library at hand, and a fair amount of leisure. Also a real asset to the scheme is a partner, a watchful and sympathetic adult, who encourages and directs with proper callousness.

In the days of horses and for those who had them, such methods worked comfortably enough. And only one hundred years ago the few publishers of children's books vied with one another to see who could produce the tiniest book. One achieved the very height of insignificance—a volume that was one and one-eighth inches tall!

In 1929, children's book clubs came into being, like all innovations, because of the demand for them. Modern science has explained to the parent the necessity for a diet of well-balanced starches, carbohydrates, proteins—which includes a certain amount of candy. Modern educators have explained the necessity for an equally well balanced diet for minds to grow on, and reading for fun plays no small part in the plan.

The parent sends his child to the best school available. He feeds him according to the advice of a specialist, but what is he to do when faced with 850 new children's books published in the fall of 1929?

Don't let anyone say there are plenty of good books already published; why bother with the new? Unquestionably books for adults as well as for children which have survived the test of years are many of them better than the common run of books from year to year. Yet, like living friends, contemporary books are close to us. They speak our language and interpret—no small godsend to youth.

The organization and plan of children's book clubs were based on the advice of specialists in the children's book field. They coincide with the principles of modern education. They have advisory boards composed of men and women who are prominent in various fields which have to do with the advancement and development of young people. To be sure, there is no question to-day in anyone's mind that books in their contents, their appearance, and their style have profited greatly by better understanding the demands of children. Books on science and invention, books on nature study, on travel, on exploration, and on the various phases of present-day existence must satisfy and keep step with the diversified interests of to-day's child.

Children's book clubs are thoroughly cognizant of these facts. They can, through the plan of sending one book a month, give the young subscriber a well-rounded and stimulating program of reading. They can by insisting on good typography and general excellency in make-up give a child a feeling for nice books. They can offer boys and girls the nucleus of a fine library and for children in small towns, where the opportunity to buy books is especially limited, the clubs can fill an outstanding need. They can foster intelligent reading by broadcasting intelligent books. They can assist in breaking down the woeful state of mind which exists like a bad habit in many adults, that is, that books are needed by the young only when Yuletide rolls around. These are the more general probabilities which may be accomplished by children's book clubs. The clubs are too young at present to predict with any certainty the extent of their influence.

There is, however, one other very important contribution that they may make. They may subtly imbue boys and girls with the realization that reading is fun. The term, "required reading," has tainted the minds of too many book novices. Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott, to mention only a few worthies, have been shown up in the light of a duty. For some the stigma carries over. Books in general are regarded with skeptical mistrust.

This is where the sound psychology of the world-old club idea may be especially useful. The joining spirit in youth, though by no means limited to those under sixteen, is particularly rampant. To belong is cozily convivial, and at the same time distinguishedly exclusive. The regulation accompaniments of club membership, such as the badge or pin, the magazine in which members can find self-expression as well as news, the contests, all are expected and necessary parts of the picture. There is not a reason in the world why a book club for boys and girls should lack for any of the delightful trimmings. Books are no longer precious morsels deserving only reverence and singular attention. The more widely they are distributed, the more gleefully devoured, the greater the quota of intelligent readers and the greater the returns for the reader, author, publisher, bookseller—not to mention the last to arrive on the scene, children's book clubs.

Reviews

THE LANES OF LYNWOOD. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $1.75.

OLAF THE GLORIOUS. By ROBERT LEIGHTON. Illustrated by HENRY PITZ. The same.

THE PYRAMID BUILDERS. By FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $1.75.

SUSANNA AND TRISTAM. By MARJORIE HILL ALLEE. Illustrated by HATTIE LONGSTREET PRICE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $2.

A VOYAGE TO TREASURE LAND. By ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER. Illustrated by HAZEL DE BERARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE WOODBRIDGE

WHEN children outgrow the wonder of fairy tales, they turn most eagerly to the wonder of history to set them dreaming. This group is fresh proof of the steady demand for books with historical background. Two of them are reprints from a generation back, but are no less modern in their appeal than the others, for children have not the prejudice of literary fashions and demand only a good, rousing story.

First of the reprints, "The Lanes of Lynwood" is a convincing and vivid reconstruction of the age of chivalry. The figures of the Black Prince and Bertrand du Guesclin are authoritatively portrayed. The precedent is, of course, that of Sir Walter Scott, though without his abundance of detail. The descriptions are short enough for the patience of youngsters. Miss Yonge's chief source is the "Chronicle" of Froissart, and it is her avowed intention to encourage her readers to turn back to him. At one point there is an almost literal transcription of his story of Orthon which serves to give an idea of medieval story telling. Finally the manner in which the virtues of chivalry are portrayed without glorifying war is surprisingly in keeping with modern tendencies.

"Olaf the Glorious" is a retelling of the "Saga of Olaf Triggvision," first Christian King of Norway from the "Heimskringla" or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, compiled by Snorre Sturlason in the twelfth century. Mr. Leighton has kept to characteristic geneological ramifications without allowing the thread of the story to become too involved. Some scenes, simply mentioned in the original, he has amplified with dialogue of his own, in order to make more vivid the personality of his hero. The violent outcroppings of the pagan Viking spirit through a veneer of Christianity, which are of the very essence of the saga, he has not attempted to modify where they actually contribute to the story. In fact the narrative has all the spirit of the original. It still bears the earmarks of oral telling and, though abridged and organized, is a very real saga.

Of the books by contemporaries, "The Pyramid Builders" is historical only in background. It is the story of a boy prince of one of the upper Nile kingdoms at the time when Cheops was building the great pyramid at Gizeh. The author has used his archæological knowledge to build up a setting in which the strange occultism of ancient Egypt becomes plausible. Tumultuously exciting from the opening paragraph, the book contains interesting descriptions of the City of the Dead and of the construction of the great pyramid.

"Susanna and Tristam," with its Quaker simplicity, could hardly be a greater contrast to ancient Egypt. Its pace is the quiet jog trot of the old white horse which carries Susanna and her little brother in courageous quest of the means of livelihood. But there are excursions into adventure along the Underground Railway. The old white horse becomes the carrier of a slave hunted through three states, and Susanna's gallant spirit outwits all their pursuers with Yankee pluck and ingenuity. The story has a distinctly American flavor.

"A Voyage to Treasure Land" is an outgrowth of the author's story-hours for children at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There she tells in costume such stories as this book contains, each designed to portray some typical field of artistic activity, such as vase painting in ancient Greece, or tapestry weaving in Belgium in the fifteenth century. Her illustrations are stereopticon slides and objects from the museum galleries. It is very difficult to reproduce all these circumstances in a printed book. Details of construction that have an immediate interest before an actual object lose their meaning before a mere black and white drawing, however good. The choice of subject, the illustrations, and the manner of criticism are all excellent, but the stories are not exciting enough in themselves to tempt the child into swallowing incidental information. Furthermore, there is a stiltedness of style, which cannot be supposed to reproduce any foreign habit of speech as it is used informally from Greece to the New York of Captain Kidd. The book falls short through lack of the personality which is the compelling force in the museum story hours.

A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD. By V. M. HILLYER. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by HELEN S. UNDERHILL

IT is incredible when we look back twenty-five years to recall how limited was the teaching of geography. What stress was laid upon bounding states and countries, naming their capitals and largest cities, and giving their latitude and longitude! The child whose memory was good swelled with pride, but certainly his imagination and interest were never aroused as they are today. Yeomans showed some ten years later what the teaching of geography might be when he wrote his illuminating articles in the *Atlantic*, and it has grown and expanded since until geography is perhaps the most fascinating study the school has to offer.

In "A Child's Geography of the World" the author takes you on a delightful jaunt, selecting people and things and places that come within the child's ready comprehension and yet are full of wonder, lingering here and there just long enough to make you want to co back some day and learn all about it. It is not a text book nor does it aim to take the place of one; an afternoon's ramble over the countryside with a jolly and sympathetic teacher has real value as well as entertainment, but an intimate knowledge of trees and plants and stones can be gained only by applied study. To stimulate the desire for this detailed study which will come later in the geography grade is the essential purpose in his book and that he has achieved this end most delightfully no one can doubt. Amusing little sketches by the author add to the reader's interest.

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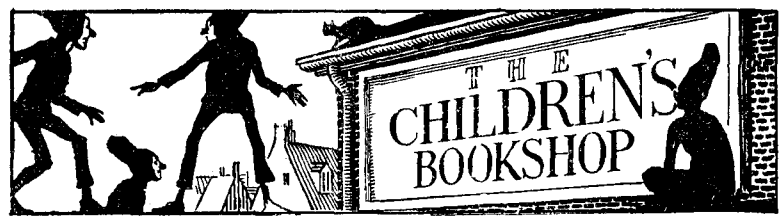

THE BOX BOOK. By HAZEL F. SHOWALTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

HOW many books labor to teach children to "make something," and overreach themselves by too great complication either of objective or of directions. Here, we are glad to say, is one both trustworthy and attractive, which labors not at all and yet achieves results that should be very appealing. It was a feat for this author to reduce so many interesting objects to elements simple enough for a child to make them out of ordinary pasteboard boxes, and it was a feat again to describe the process in unadorned and straightforward language which makes every direction crystal clear. And, finally, to make comprehension complete, a mistake proof illustration accompanies every step.

The author has been ingenious in thinking of categories which have suggested to her many interesting members,—such groups as "The Park" (with everything from the Ferris wheel to the merry-go-round) and "Things That Go"—appealing chapter-head for any child. Also she describes her growing collection with a quiet interest and unforced enthusiasm (particularly their delectable appearance if finished with gay paint or figured papers) which has just the right tone to be contagious. The program of construction is made to sound very real. Thus: "Of course there must be a churn on the farm to make butter from the cream," and again, "This is the kind of grindstone that needs a small boy to turn the handle." At the beginning of the book a brief chapter on the very simple and accessible materials needed, and their management and disposition,—again with clear illustrations—is well calculated both to arouse interest and to be useful in carrying the projects to completion.

WARPATH AND CATTLE TRAIL. By HUBERT E. COLLINS. Morrow. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THIS is old Oklahoma of the early 'eighties, when it still was Indian Territory and harboring a bizarre hotch-potch of white and red.

Down into this debatable region, in 1883, hastened the ten-year-old boy, Hubert Collins: by railroad from the village of Corning in southwestern Iowa to the cow-town of Caldwell on the Kansas southern line, where railroad and cattle trail met; thence by stage south for eighty miles by the Government Reno Trail closely paralleling the great Chisholm Trail of the Texas cattle drives, to Red Fork Ranch, centered just north of the Cimarron River, in present Kingfisher County of central northern Oklahoma.

It is well to be precise in this itinerary, for while the Oregon Trail and the Santa Fé Trail of the traders and settlers have been marked, the Reno Trail and the Chisholm Trail have vanished not only from the maps but from the face of the land. Nevertheless, "a man was truly a 'shorthorn' on the great plains in the 'seventies and 'eighties who could not say he had ridden the Chisholm Trail and knew Red Fork Ranch."

"Warpath and Cattle Trail" is a panorama of a boy's impressions of a land that was—a land of electric and dust storms, Texas cow outfits, lone traders on honest business, horse thieves, and lonely graves. The title, however, is not a "thriller" title. There were outlaws, and there were near-outbreaks of the reservation Indians, but life at Red Fork Ranch was not a constant round of Injun whoops and barking six-shooters.

There were "fever and ager," sober episodes which to the reviewer's mind stamp this chronicle as unvarnished truth. It was deuced dull, occasionally, in the outposts of the old West.

TOD HALE ON THE NINE. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $1.75.

THE RED-HEADED HALFBACK. By EARL REED SILVERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by DELMEGE TRIMBLE

HERE are two boys' books dealing with baseball, football, and basketball. Both tales are products of that quantity-production industry that annually turns out its gross quota of innocuous and moralistic stories for adolescents. In each case, the clean cut hero, popular and a star athlete, triumphs over enemies, injustice, and other impediments, by "playing the game squarely." The characters, awkward to an extreme, are saved from bookishness by the feeble method of injecting archaic slang into their conversation. And though both stories are carelessly written, in all justice to Mr. Silvers it should be mentioned that Mr. Barbour's novel contains the preponderance of solecisms. Adults may be fed on poorly written books, but minors, too young to discriminate, should not be taken advantage of.

Mr. Barbour presents Tod Hale and his chum, Stuart Younge, as the sworn enemies of a bigger boy, who continually attempts to involve the friends in trouble with the school authorities. The two chums retaliate by playing merry pranks on the bully. Tod Hale, who has appeared before the juvenile public in earlier works by this author, attempts baseball for the first time since his sandlot days. After much earnest effort and phenomenal good fortune, the young hero succeeds in making the team at Nostrand School and saving the day in the decidedly classic game with Milton, one of the rival schools. And there ends the story and several dreary accounts of baseball.

To vary the diet of baseball, Mr. Silvers produces two hard fought football matches and a basketball tournament. The story revolves around three high school athletes who receive offers from different colleges. The athletes make different choices, and the wooden hero, who turns down the offers from the colleges playing ringers, is the only one of the three friends that does not meet with misfortune. The other two have punishment meted out to them in accordance with the severity of their offenses.

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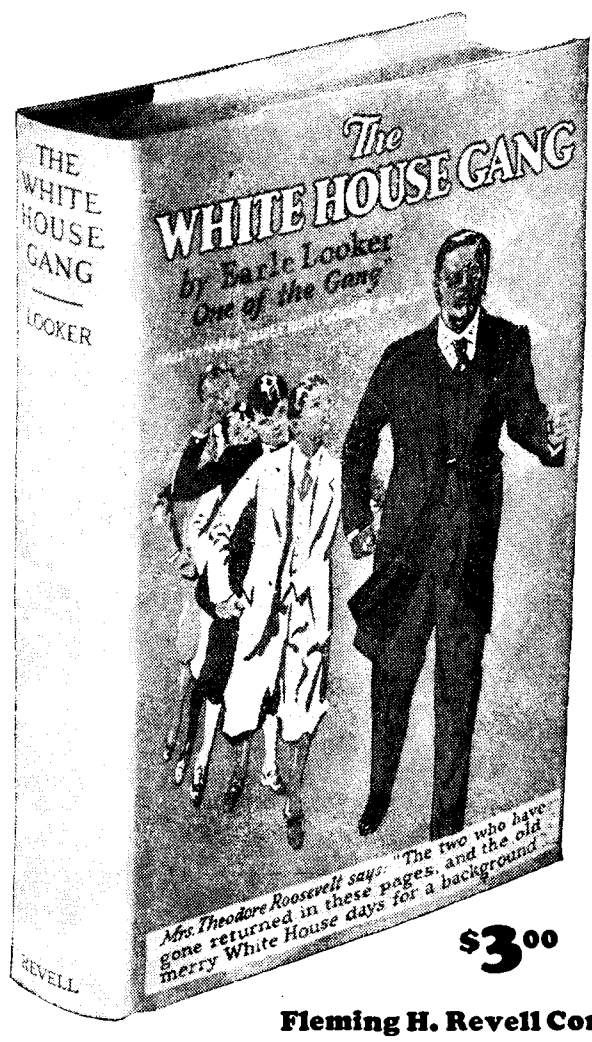
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Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

L. B. C., Montrose, N. Y., asks for a book with short lives of the saints, from which to learn their symbols as used in pictures by the old masters and for a child's history of France.

A STANDARD work is F. G. Holweck's "Biographical Dictionary of the Saints," published by Herder and costing ten dollars. Somewhat less expensive is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art by Their Costumes, Symbols, and Attributes," by A. de Bles, published by the Art Culture Publications, 38 West 76th Street, N. Y.; this groups a great many little pictures on each of its unusually large picture-pages, making a crowded effect but affording opportunity for comparison. The most widely-used book of this kind is Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders," published some fifty years ago, and edited, with a memoir of the author, by Estelle Hurll Houghton Mifflin, $5).

There are several books for children with pictures of saints from famous paintings; one is the "Book of Saints for the Young as Depicted by Great Masters" and another "Saints in Italy" (Medici Press). Abbie Farwell Brown's "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" (Houghton Mifflin) is a familiar favorite. In a new series of readers for use in Catholic schools, the Madonna Series, of which "Wonder Stories of God's People" and "A Child's Garden of Religion Stories," by Rev. P. H. Matimore (Macmillan) have appeared, there are a number of stories of saints as well as those from the Old and New Testaments, and there are several in the Marquette Readers, prepared by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier's, Chicago. H. P. Brewster's "Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church" (Stokes) is a large, chronologically arranged history of each of the principal saints' days and festivals of the Christian year, with an alphabetical dictionary of saints.

Sidney Dark's "Book of France for Young People" (Doubleday, Doran) is a simply-told narrative with special emphasis on great periods and heroic figures. Mary Macgregor's "Story of France Told to Boys and Girls" (Stokes) goes from earliest times through the Great War; it has a number of pictures in color. H. E. Marshall's "History of France" (Doubleday, Doran) is also for younger readers; the short stories in Eva March Tappan's "Hero Stories of France" (Houghton Mifflin) and the biographies in Eleanor Catherine Price's "Stories from French History" (Dodd, Mead) make excellent supplementary reading.

W. W., Flint, Michigan, wonders if the book called, in a recent letter to this department, "Children of Men," by Hornung, may not have been his "Fathers of Men," which is a story laid at the English Public School Uppingham. *A. H. H., New York,* tells me to add to the list of novels in which Dr. Johnson appears Moore's "The Jessamy Bride," saying "I have enjoyed reading aloud passages from the first five chapters to my classes." This correspondent was pleased to learn of what he approvingly calls my "smokelessness"; "We should always remember," says he, "David Copperfield's predecessor, who died of drink—and smoke!" Oh, but I don't refrain from smoking out of nobility or hygiene or anything like that; I just never got around to it, somehow. *T. L., West Branch, Michigan,* suggests for a quotation for a library the stanza by Emily Dickinson closing with

He danced along the dingy days;
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

M. C. F., Augusta Public Library, Maine, says that having, like this department, occasion to find a book for a person interested in dramatic instruction she finally chose "The Art of the Theatre" by Sarah Bernhardt (Dial Press, $3) and the choice met with the enthusiastic approval of the recipient.

THIS department has several times diverted the stream of books from homes one might call supersaturated to localities crying out for literary irrigation. New Mexico was one, where, it will be remembered, Indians were outfitted at the suggestion of Mary Austin; several tuberculosis hospitals have been thus provided, and other calls answered; one, I remember, which I attended to without calling in the public, was from a poverty-stricken and book-hungry group of Soviet journalists in Moscow. Now here comes one from Poland; from a secondary-school teacher who writes book reviews and contributes to magazines. "Secondary school teachers in provincial private schools find themselves in very bad economical conditions," he says. "What to buy first (with $ 35/ a *month*)—bread, clothing, or books? Many friends of mine manage English; they want to accomplish themselves in the language by getting a wider scope of American literary movements, but we can't afford to order those books in view of the misery in which we find ourselves. We are interested in philosophy, education, literature, art. We have little chance to get a deeper insight into the works of Theodore Dreiser, Waldo Frank, John Dewey, Mencken, Thorndike, Kilpatrick, Walter Lippmann, M. Gilbert, Monroe, O'Brien, Channing, Lawrence, Willa Cather, O'Neill, Hilaire Belloc, Havelock Ellis, George Gibbs, Bertrand Russell, Huxley, Gosse; all I know is but from the book reviews I come across in the periodicals I receive. We are in need of an encyclopedia and other reference books. Not by bread alone may a man live." These readers can be reached by a book-collection such as the one the readers of this department conducted for the New Mexico Indians. These are applicants by no means exacting as to condition: "While I was in America," the writer says, "I used to buy old books at a push cart for very cheap money. Much could be done to improve our situation for books and bread on the same level. I appeal to your good will, for where there is a will there must be a way."

I have been making a little collection of my own, to send to this inquirer; when I tell you that it begins with my own inscribed copy of Dr. Canby's "American Estimates" you will see that I am taking this call quite seriously. Nothing less than a conviction that this is a chance to establish one more of those slight but strong links that hold the world of literature together would have torn this volume away from me. The list of authors is certainly varied enough to get a wide response, and the thought of how exasperating it must be always to read *about* Mencken and Willa Cather and never have a chance to read Cather or Mencken, should stimulate action. Don't send these books to me; send me, however, the names of the books you intend to forward by post, and I will send the letters to Elazar Bernstein, 37, Zdunska, Lowicz, Woj: Warszawskie, Poland, an address waking to action keys upon my typewriter that had all but rusted down.

G. M. V., Cambridge, Mass., is on the eve of purchasing a copy of Richard Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain," but has heard that one must be careful what edition one asks for, because later editions are abridged. The book came out first in 1845, *"and, if I remember rightly, the best edition is said to be that of* 1847. *Can you verify that for me? I want the edition that is most complete and generally considered the best."*

THIS famous work appeared two years after "The Bible in Spanish," and the author, Richard Ford, was a great friend of George Borrow; both books belong to the aristocracy of romantic travel literature. There are selections from Ford's "Handbook" in an Everyman's volume, "Gatherings from Spain." The book appeared first in 1845, and it is this edition that is the best, not that of 1847, which was already somewhat abridged, some of the information being left out.

R. B. M., Lake Preston, S. D., wishes to know where he can purchase the first and second volumes of the Revised Edition of the Vulgate, now being put out by the Benedictines.

IN the United States these may be obtained from P. J. Kenedy and Sons, Barclay Street, New York, publishers to the Holy See. The price is about three dollars a volume.

C. C., New York, asks for a good book on both flower and vegetable gardens, for a beginner.

"GARDENS," by Jessica Cosgrave (Doubleday, Doran), is a book that makes a reader who has not even made a beginning look about for a patch of ground to plant; it takes very little for granted, deals with both flowers and vegetables, and has pictures. Grace Tabor's "Come into the Garden" (Macmillan) is another admirable guide for the possessor of a plot of ground in the city; vegetables are included.

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M. J., New York, is taking an alert and interested fourteen-year old girl to London, and asks for books she can read with her beforehand, something about London, and a history of England like Van Loon's America, if such exists.

SOME five years since, sampling the children's section of the American Library in Paris, I came upon Geraldine Mitton's "Book of London for Young People" (Macmillan), and ever since I have been advising it to prospective young visitors. For there is a children's London quite as separate from the grown-up city as an Irish faeryland, which goes on, I understand, quite undisturbed by the town or household that may be occupying the physical spot, to the eyes of the uninformed. This book tells a parent where to take a child in London and what to tell him about it beforehand or afterwards; at the Zoo, in Kensington Gardens, in the historical places, anywhere you will. There are pictures in color. For an English history, I suppose Dickens's is now out of court—though I cannot see how it is much more opinionated than the works of Mr. Van Loon—but I managed to lay a good, solid foundation of history through being provided with it at an early age. Children now, however, are more often given the lovely pages and pictures of Henrietta Marshall's "An Island Story" (Stokes), and if one of them begins it he will be practically certain to go rushing on to the end—unless, of course, he is one of the children who automatically set up a defence-reaction against ideas, information, or efforts to furnish him with any such abhorrent impediments. The most noticeable effect of some of the most expensive education seems to be the high degree of perfection to which this defence-reaction can be developed. But if the fourteen-year-old has still some of the hunger for mental food with which most children begin their school-life—a hunger as natural and delightful to slake as a hunger for beefsteak—these two books will help her pack away some savory mental provender, useful on a foreign trip.

I am continually asked for books about rural England, for the use of motorists or even of pedestrians, and for a quick reply to cover a great deal of ground I am accustomed to suggest the Highways and Byways series by various authorities, published by Macmillan and covering all the counties. They vary in literary merit but every one is useful as guide or illuminant. But the next time anyone from Philadelphia asks me for such a book I will tell him about "The Penn Country and the Chilterns," by Ralph Robinson (Bodley Head), for I am delighted to see that Dodd, Mead is to bring it out in America this season. If we took our reading-matter as seriously as we did when there was not so much of it, there is some chance that this book would be quoted along with White's "Natural History of Selborne," for it arises from a life long devotion to a small but infinitely rich section of the country, an intensive study based upon deep personal affection. Twenty years and more Mr. Robinson has tramped this country; his is the sort of acquaintance that knows not only how a bush looks at a certain bend of the road but how different it looks when the sun is lower in the sky or the time of year changes. He knows the folklore and how far off it usually is from the historical facts; he takes you on a series of walks and amiably discourses as you go. It is, indeed, the best book of the road that I have read in a long while, and I am glad to find that the critics here are shouting in much this way about it. The pictures, by Charles J. Bathurst, are so good that I wish he would illustrate all the travel books of England for a long time to come; the camera will not do for this country; it dwarfs the hills and meanly flattens everything; these drawings (one in color) are more accurate than photographs, and selective as only the eye and hand of the painter can make them. If I speak feelingly it is partly because I had just been walking in these very parts, trying to get some records with a camera and failing completely on the long shots. These pictures came as a blessed surprise. Ewelme, Beaconsfield, the Jordans, Chalfont St. Giles, Henley—this gives some idea of the range.

F. N. D., Boston, Mass., asks what writers are now carrying on the tradition of French literature among the younger men, besides Paul Morand, André Gide, and the few writers known to Americans through translations. He reads French, but wishes guidance in making a start.

THE best introduction I know is afforded by an "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Prose Française" (Kra, 6 rue Blanche, Paris, Editions du Sagittaire). I do not know the name of the editor, but the selections have clearly been made with a broad range of choice and a far from superficial acquaintance with the writers' general output. It proceeds on the assumption that there has been within the last decade a decided change in the prose of French fiction, due, no doubt, to the fact that the immense popularity of fiction has led philosophers, critics, poets, esthetes, humorists, and playwrights to write novels instead of following their own *métiers*. Beginning with Gide and the late Marcel Proust, the selections—each preceded by a brief and informing biographical sketch—range from Duhamel to Cendrars, Bloch and Soupault, taking in a few outsiders like Panait Istrati. One of the selected pieces is often "as yet unpublished," the other chosen from the author's best-known work. If the reader is attracted by these, he may go further with the aid of a brief bibliography added to each chapter. There is a corresponding volume for contemporary French poetry.

Grace L. Aldrich, head of the children's department, Madison Free Library, Wisconsin, sends me a cutting from their *Library Bulletin* for May, 1924, "Books are windows," a talk with children. I might have known someone would have lighted on this before I used almost these words for the title of my "Books as Windows" (Stokes).

Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page 488*)

DRIVEN. By LEROY MACLEOD. Covici-Friede.

LETTERS TO WOMEN. By JOSEPH AUSLANDER. Harpers.

THE POET IN THE DESERT. By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD. Vanguard Press.

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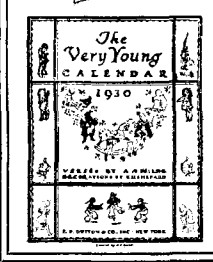

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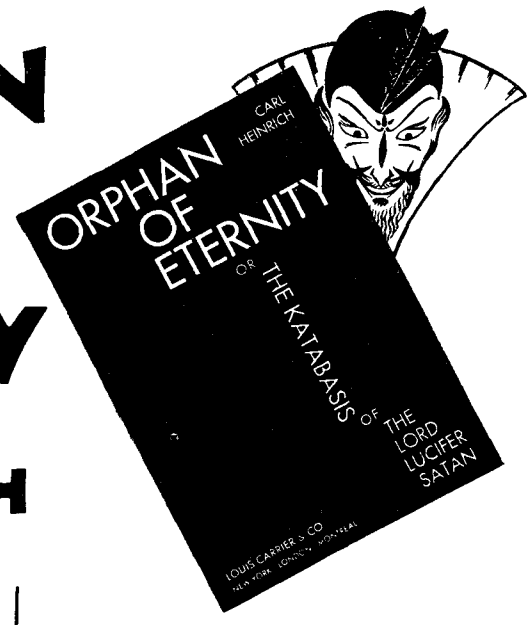

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BOOK III (ABOVE) Eve sets out to tempt Satan with "a baked apple in rich cream". Satan "repenteth of his fall and of his repentance". But Woman has the last word and at the end "the Woman Soul leadeth".

Tempted by Eve with a baked apple in rich cream . . .

Mother Eve and Anthony Thumbcock start their seven-day chat . . . from page 13

"Piffle, Tony! When one has been both mother and mother-in-law to her own children and has diapered a race, a little anatomy more or less means nothing."

"If you don't respect yourself, you should at least respect others. Think what such a display means to me."

"If I did, I'd laugh myself sick. If you only knew how funny you look, Tony, with your face all askew, one eye cast modestly to the ground and the other squinting up to see what it can see."

"I see that two of your fig leaves are awry."

"What wonderful eyesight! Only you could have found flaws in a girdle like mine, and it woven by the best experts in modesty, too. Tell me, Tony, why do you wear such a long, heavy robe? Is it because you're ashamed of your legs, or what?"

"Madam, my limbs are not a proper subject for discussion between us. Remember, please, that I am a virtuous man and you are a naked woman."

"I'm a very old woman, Tony. Tell me, why did you leave Heaven?"

"It's too snobbish!"

"Why, Tony! Since when have you turned democrat?"

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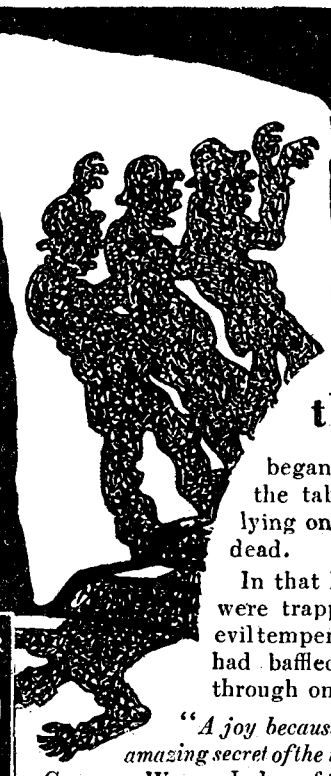

"What the devil...?"

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This life of Mary Baker Eddy was printed in a magazine of popular circulation before it was acquired by The Christian Science Publishing Society. It was written prior to the author's interest in Christian Science, and holds an uncolored, undistorted mirror to Mary Baker Eddy's character and achievements.

This illustration shows Mrs. Eddy's birthplace at Bow, N. H. During her childhood and part of her later life

Mrs. Eddy lived in New Hampshire. Her parents, of Puritan ancestry, had been pioneers in the development of that State.

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy
BY SIBYL WILBUR

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The Conrad Catalogue

THERE has just come from the press a very handsome book entitled "A Conrad Memorial Library: the Collection of George T. Keating," published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., and printed by R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., under the direction of William L. Kittredge. I shall here speak only of its typography.

The volume is a thick quarto of nearly 450 pages, with innumerable facsimiles of title-pages and autograph inscriptions, and many reproductions of photographs. It is bound in heavy, bevelled-edge boards, covered with blue cloth, and there is a white medallion of Conrad on the cover. Five hundred and one copies have been printed, of which 425 are for sale.

The text of the book is set in a handsome size of monotype Garamond, with initials, and running heads of that unique Original Old Style italic capitals—a type face which needs good handling to be effective. As used here it relieves the monotony of Garamond, and is a felicitous choice. The page proportions, the relative sizes of type for title entries, quotations, etc., and the general "architecture" of the pages, are well handled, especially the restraint shown in the use of indentions—a matter often botched in bibliographies.

The paper is a soft, clean white, and the presswork on it seems flawless. The deckle edges do not protrude beyond the fore-edge of the book, which is right and proper, but, again, frequently not carefully looked to.

Two points in the building of the volume I should be inclined to question. One is the flat back on so thick and heavy a book. It may be that the designer assumed that many of the copies would eventually be rebound in elaborate form—in which case the flat back is an advantage to the binder. But in normal use, a half-round back will support the weight of the leaves better than a flat back: the flat back being peculiarly suited to small, thin volumes. The second point at issue is the method of reproduction used in the illustrations. In so handsome a volume it seems to me that the pictures—that is to say, the reproductions of photographs—should have been in either gelatine or photogravure, instead of the half-tone process. Little exception can be taken to the quality of the presswork on these plates, which seem to have been printed so as to avoid sharp contrasts of light and shade, but why use half-tones at all in so sumptuous a volume? I must confess, too, to a distaste for bevelled covers, but there are no rules governing bindings, which are entirely a matter of taste.

The volume is a very handsome, well thought out piece of printing, easy to use and to read, and is one of the finer pieces of work of the year looked at solely as printing. Its permanent value to Conrad enthusiasts is obvious, but what concerns me is that here is a bibliographical record very finely done by the printer. R.

In Re Pegasus Press Books

IN my remarks about hand-press printing in a recent number, I neglected to state that the Pegasus Press editions are handled in this country by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This information is due to a firm which has had the courage to undertake the distribution of a series of books which obviously cannot be expected to yield a very large commmercial profit to anyone. R.

More about Colophons

MR. PORTER GARNETT, of the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, takes me gently to task for my air of finality with regard to naming type-faces in colophons. He would have the name of types appear in the colophon mainly for the information of the future student of typography. He makes me somewhat uncomfortable by writing: "If I am unable to say with certainty in what type Frederick Mortimer Clapp's 'Jacopo Pontormo' was printed by the Yale University Press (I believe it was before your time), what chance would some bird have a hundred years from now—*and he might want to know!*" "Why," he says, "compel some conscientious Updike of the future to make a statement like this: 'The Decline of the Machine, by P. G., printed at the Sitka University Press in 1945, presumably by C. P. R., is particularly interesting to students of comparative typography by reason of the fact that it is the only book which has come down to us set in a Lutetian type of great distinction, but of unknown origin. We describe this type as "Lutetia" because of its resemblance (though it shows marked differences, particularly in greater width of the lower-case h, m, and n) to the Lutetia designed by de Roos between 1920 and 1930 for the Lanstontype Corporation of New York. The original Lutetia, of which, during the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, there were numerous imitations, notably the one adopted by the Limited Editions Fraternity of Paraguay, has been ascribed by some authorities to Van Krimpen, but an exhaustive examination of all available material on the subject, including the typographical archives of Tulsa and Maui, has yielded nothing in support of this theory.'" Well, if the naming of type were as meticulous as Mr. Garnett would have it, and if the information were conveyed in a type size something smaller than the largest in the book, I would not object! My objection is perhaps largely due to the blatant announcement of the type as if it had *advertising* value, rather than informational.

One more quotation from his letter is of interest: "As to paper, I mention the trade name only (as Hammer and Anvil, or San Marco) on the assumption that its provenence, whether English, French, or Italian, can be determined by collateral evidence. Nothing with regard to binding, which is extraneous to the book, should, in any circumstances, be mentioned in the colophon. Differences in black inks, like the differences in pigments, may be matter of archæological interest, but nothing is to be gained by mentioning the name of the ink maker in Hanover or New Jersey."

From Caxton's day to this, there have been most immodest printers (as well as authors and publishers), and there have been the shy fellows who make me a good deal of trouble when some bewildered bibliographer asks me to tell him if such and such types are similar though used by different printers in York and London two hundred years ago. On the whole, perhaps the matter can be disposed of by suggesting that the information is worth printing in many books if it can be done unobtrusively. Printers who are possessed of good taste will find a way to say what has to be said in a comely way. R.

Auction Sales Calendar

C. F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. November 23: Rare Americana, printed and in manuscript, including several items from the New Hampshire Historical Society. Among the more unusual books and pamphlets are: "An Account of the reasons why a Considerable Number . . . could not consent to Mr. Peter Thatcher's Ordination," Boston, 1720; a group of Almanacs from 1782 to 1834; Nathaniel Byfield, "An Account of the late Revolution in New-England," Edinburgh, 1689; Edward Bancroft, "Remarks on the review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies," New London, 1771; six of the Beadle dime novels, New York, 1860-1865; "An Abridgement of David Brainerd's Journal among the Indians," London, 1748; E. Burrough's "A Declaration of the sad and great Persecution . . . of the People of God, called Quakers," London, 1660; the original correspondence file of the firm of J. B. Newton & Company, of San Francisco, covering the period January 5, 1856, to December 20, 1865; an unusually good run of early Connecticut laws from 1715 to 1726, together with the "Charter granted by His Majesty, King Charles II to the Governor of Connecticut," New-London, 1718; "The Deplorable state

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of New England, by reason of a covetous and treacherous Governour," London, 1708; George Fox, "Epistle to all Professors in New-England," 1673; John Grave, "A Song of Sion. Written by a citizen thereof," 1662; John Hawkesworth, "A new voyage round the world in the years 1768, 1769, 1770, and 1771," with two plates engraved by Paul Revere, N. Y., 1774; "A Little Pretty Pocket Book intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy," Worcester, Isaiah Thomas, 1787; George Keith, "Exact Narrative of the proceedings at Turner's Hall, the eleventh of June, 1696," London, 1696; "New England Primer: Further Improved," Boston, 1749; a collection of six folios on the Proprietors' Lawsuits in New Jersey," 1747 to 1773; "The Grame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania," London, 1682; Benjamin Rush, "Observations upon the present government of Pennsylvania," Philadelphia, 1776; "A Petition presented . . . during the session of 1803 . . . against the Connecticut Claimants," Lancaster, 1804; and Charles Henry Wharton, "Poetical Epistle to His Excellency George Washington," Annapolis, Printed: London, Reprinted, 1780.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby & Company, London. November 18 — Autograph letters, manuscripts, and printed books from the collection of the late John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. "John Gough Nichols, by whom the collections . . . were partly formed and partly inherited, was third in succession of a very notable family of scholar-printers. His grandfather, John Nichols, the historian of Leicester, was an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, whose "Lives of the Poets" he printed. His son, John Bowyer Nichols, . . . is perhaps best known in connection with the printing of the great county histories which appeared during the first half of the nineteenth century." The most important book is volume one of Johnson's "Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets," with manuscript additions and corrections in the handwriting of the author, made by him for the 1783 edition. The autograph letters include: four by James Boswell; one from Abraham Cowley to Dr. Busby; Bishop Percy (to Boswell, giving him information concerning Johnson); Dryden; David Garrick; Dr. Johnson; Admiral Nelson; Sir Isaac Newton; Richardson; R. B. Sheridan; and a series from Horace Walpole to Richard Gough. The two manuscripts are: Dr. Johnson's "Considerations on the Case of Dr. T(rapp)'s Sermons, abridged by Mr. Cave," printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1787, nine pages, about 1739, entirely in Johnson's writing; and Goldsmith's "Prologue," for Joseph Cradock's first play, "Zobeide," produced at Covent Garden, December, 1771.

Sotheby & Company, London. November 25, 26, and 27—Nineteenth century authors, the property of Lionel Upton, Esq., together with selections from the library of the late Right Honorable, the Earl of Northbrook. The authors include: Charlotte Brontë, Lord Byron, the inescapable Dickens and Lewis Carroll, Charles Lamb (his "Adventures of Ulysses" [1803], and "Elia," and "Last Essays," 1823-33), C. J. Lever, Captain Marryat, Stevenson, Surtees, Thackeray, Spenser's "Faerie Queen," 1590-96; Defoe (a collection of fifty-nine works bound in forty-nine volumes), William Godwin's "The Looking-Glass: a true history of the early years of an Artist (William Mulready)," London, 1805; a complete set of the Historical Manuscripts Commission series from 1870 to 1923; a presentation copy from Queen Victoria of Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," 1875; Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "Modern Painters," 1856-60; and the second edition of Anthony Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniensis," 1721.

G. M. T.

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, New York. December 5—6: First Editions; Grolier Club Publications from the Library of the late Haley Fiske; a few Literary Autographs; the Art Reference Library of A. F. deForest. Aside from the Grolier Club books, which include the Edward G. Kennedy "Etched Work of Whistler," and the deForest art books (127 items and six steel filing cabinets filled with photographs, magazine excerpts, clippings, priced sale descriptions), the remainder of the sale is undistinguished. It is good, but of no unusual interest. G. M. T.

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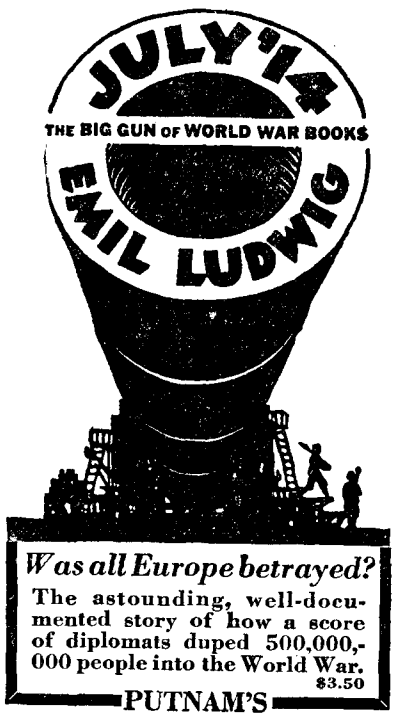

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Prince of playboys, titan of finance, ace of best-sellers—and hero of the CANTOR-ROCKEFELLER *Rally: his picture is reprinted this week by request [so is his book].*

Believe It or Not, but *The Art of Thinking* and *Twelve Against the Gods* were running nip and tuck for first place on the non-fiction best-seller list when *The Inner Sanctum* was *Caught Short* as the ticker fell hours behind the market in an unbridled and unparallelled surge of buying orders for *Eddie Cantor's* saga of Wailing Wall Street.

There may be a better-selling book in the country, but, if so, it must be going at the rate of 36,455 copies a day, for in the twenty-four hours immediately preceding the writing of these lines, *The Inner Santucm* received orders for 36,454 copies of *Caught Short*.

EDDIE CANTOR'S uproarious and heartening treatise on the stock market crash was released exactly one week ago today and has already sold 43,991 copies up to 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.

This shatters best-seller records hung up by such spirited makers of best-seller history as *The Cross Word Puzzle Books*, *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *Show Girl*, *Bambi*, *The Cradle of the Deep*, *Believe It or Not*, and *The Art of Thinking*.

Gratifying and exhilarating as that is, what thrills *The Inner Sanctum* even more is the fulfillment of its buoyant and audacious prediction that the dawn of sanity in Wall Street's storm and hysteria would come with the first copy of *Caught Short* delivered from the bindery. *That is literally what happened*, for the CANTOR-ROCKEFELLER rally began at 10 A.M. Thursday, November 14th, when the embattled binders of the H. WOLFF Estate on West Twenty-sixth Street were sewing and pasting and pressing the first copies of EDDIE'S yea-saying buffoonery.

With the return of sanity to Wall Street, madness broke out in Thirty-seven West 57th. From the crack of the gun it was literally a stampede for books. The telephone switchboard, the outer sanctum, the city trade department, the shipping room, even the grave and tranquil fastnesses of the editorial staff, were mobbed by clamorous purchasers, wholesale and retail. The newspapers crackled with the stories of *Caught Short* and the public furiously demanded their books. In a few minutes after the book was released, it was featured and displayed, wreathed in ticker-tape, not only in book stores but in such diverse emporia as

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SOLARIA, SANATORIA, AND CATHEDRALS OF THE MOTION PICTURE

A late bulletin from the western front of the book-trade indicates that among the non-Wall Street books, the best of the best-sellers is *Twelve Against the Gods*, by the incomparable BOLITHO.

Suggestion for an Industrial Crisis cartoon series of *The New Yorker:* a scene in *The Inner Sanctum* when a critic is discovered comparing Bolitho to somebody.

ESSANDESS.

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LESLEY FROST'S selections of poetry, song, prose, and drama in her Christmas anthology, "Come Christmas," published by Coward-McCann, Inc., are quite beguiling. So is the habiting of the book, the jacket and cover stamps being by *Prentiss Taylor*. Miss Frost is a daughter of *Robert Frost*, the American poet. She has chosen the illustrations for her book from fourteenth and fifteenth century woodcuts and engravings. . . .

Some authors names keep running in one's head to a definite rhythm. Recently we have been rather tortured by this one:

Temple Bailey, Temple Bailey,
Oh the sumpchus sight to see
Book on book by Temple Bailey
Piling up its royaltee!

Also Simon and Schuster called us up in a breathless manner recently to inform us that the *Eddie Cantor* book, "Caught Short," had been written, edited, printed, bound, and distributed within one week, the first day's sale being 36,000, the book being sold, among other places, in the Rialto Barbershop, McBride's, banks and brokerage offices, Reuben's, Lindy's, and so forth. In fact the rally of the stock market was, it is whispered (on a loud-speaker), induced by it. . . .

Well some day we're going to write, print, and distribute a book in twenty-four hours, just to show that there's no hard feeling on our part. . . .

Covici, Friede have now removed to more spacious quarters at 386 Fourth Avenue. Phone Lexington 9412 if you should need a few words with Mr. Covici or Mr. Friede. That's a pronunciation lesson, for Donald seems to have about as much trouble with the pronunciation of his name as we have with ours. . . .

The Poetry Quarterly is announced, to be edited and published by *Alan Frederick Pater* and *Helen E. Hecht* at 920 Avenue St. John, New York City. And Avenue St. John is a new Avenue to us. Subscription is $1.40 a year, 35 cents a single copy. . . . We have received from *Elmer Adler* the first announcement of *The Colophon*, a book collectors' quarterly. The office of *The Colophon* is 229 West 43rd Street, and the subscription price is ten dollars for the four parts, the first being planned for mailing in February, 1930. The responsibility for the printing of the magazine will be the Pynson Printers'. Among the contributing editors are *Thomas Beer, W. A. Dwiggins, Frederick W. Goudy, Belle DaCosta Greene, William M. Ivins, Jr., Rockwell Kent, Christopher Morley, Bruce Rogers, Carl Purington Rollins, Gilbert M. Troxell, D. B. Updike, George Parker Winship*, and *John T. Winterich*. . . .

At this point we became immersed for a while in "Robinson Jeffers: A Portrait," by *Louis Adamic*, which is No. 27 of the University of Washington Chapbooks, edited by Glenn Hughes. Mr. Adamic's study of one of our most remarkable, as of one of our strangest, American poets, is certainly the best thing we have read concerning *Jeffers*. It is better than the little book written by the late *George Sterling*, though that was laudatory enough. One gets, from Adamic, a most clear and vivid picture of the man physically and psychologically. . . .

Thayer Hobson writes that our remarks concerning *Richard Aldington's* experiences since the publication of his novel inspire him to tell us what *Edward Hope* has gone through since the appearance of Heart and Health Talks for the Little One in "Morrow's Almanack." It seems that the average mother has now discovered Mr. Hope, and seven lonely mothers have written proclaiming him to be the father of their children! There have also been two offers to take charge of day nurseries, requests from mayors of three cities to act as judge in baby contests, innumerable requests for the medicines Hope recommends in his spoofing talks. Also, these items: Twenty-seven fathers asking him to adopt their children. Arrested for kidnapping little *Donald Larney* and feeding him the wrong formula. Rescued a family of nine children from a burning tenement. Ready, Harvard?—Ready, Yale? *Tweeeee-eeet!* . . . .

The Christmas choice of the Book League of America is *Florence E. McClinchey's* "Joe Pete," which concerns itself with the Ojibway Indians. Miss McClinchey has actually lived for many years in her little log house among the Ojibways. The Ojibways, from whom Joe Pete springs, live on an island in Michigan where they are making their last stand against the encroachments of the whites. . . .

Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., has a new book out. It is a collection of ten stories, under the general title of "Marines and Others," and has just been published by Scribners. To accompany the stories the author has done fifty-six of his inimitable illustrations. . . .

Rachel Field, the author of the delightful "Hitty, her First Hundred Years," illustrated by *Dorothy Parsons Lathrop*, and published by the Macmillan Company (which is, by the way, likely to rank as one of the best doll stories of all time in a province more that of *De la Mare's* "Memoirs of a Midget" than of the average juvenile), Rachel Field, we say, has also gathered together for Scribners the first representative collection of our folk lore in "American Folk and Fairy Tales." She is, besides, the author of twelve books of stories, two books of plays, and is a charming illustrator, beside, of her own work. . . .

Only a short time after the publication of his "Anthology of World Poetry," *Mark Van Doren* puts forth another large compilation of which he is sole editor. This is "An Autobiography of America," as revealed in eighty autobiographical narratives by Americans of different places and times. We start with *Captain John Smith* and *Governor Bradford*, examine the Colonial scene with such as *Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin*, and *William Byrd*, see the Revolution through with *Alexander Graydon, Major-General Charles Lee*, and others, and so progress through ten books in all, each comprising some six or eight autobiographical extracts, which range from, say, *Thomas Jefferson* to *Buffalo Bill*. This compilation is an unusually good cross-section of American history. It is published by Albert and Charles Boni. It is well worth putting upon your history shelves. . . .

And, speaking of compilations, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., have produced a set of five small books, under the general editorship of *Philip N. Youtz*, which are boxed together under the title "The New Arts." There is one by *Mary-Cecil Allen* on modern Painters, one by *Joseph Hudnut* on "Modern Sculpture," *John Mason Brown's* "The Modern Theatre in Revolt," *Alfred J. Swan's* "Music 1900-1930," and *Babette Deutsch's* "Potable Gold: Some Notes on Poetry and This Age." We think this a nice idea, though naturally—limitations of space being considered—the books can in no case discuss their subjects exhaustively. . . .

We asked of late for a book *all Peter Arno*, and one correspondent wrote in to remind us of the book about the Whoops sisters that Arno several years ago wrote and illustrated. To our mind the pictures alone were more successful than the novelized Whoops. But now comes through Horace Liveright "Peter Arno's Parade," a book entirely pictures culled from the gay pages of *The New Yorker*. And a swell book it is—perfectly swell. "Peter Arno will live," says *William Bolitho* in his introduction to the book. There are some pictures, incidentally, that have not previously appeared, notable the introductory one which has merely been talked about all over town but which *The New Yorker* did not print. . . .

And, to turn from drawings to photographs, Harcourt, Brace have just brought out a book the text of which is written by *Carl Sandburg*. It is on *Steichen*, the Photographer, and is priced at twenty-five dollars. It is worth it. The reproductions of the photographs by Steichen which form the main part of the book cannot be overpraised. They are magnificent, and Sandburg's appreciation of the artist who did them is acute. Steichen is a magician of the camera. He can present a grasshopper, an ordinary apple, match boxes, a pair of beautiful hands, or do a portrait of a great financier or a great comedian with incomparable effectiveness. This is a book to treasure. . . .

And now we must bow ourselves off into the wings. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN

The AMEN CORNER

To those who have found the Wall Street Fates too like the Furies we recommend that, for their malady, they read John Livingston Lowes' recent little volume—*Of Reading Books*. And again, we recommend—or rather, urge—that *everybody* read this fine discourse on living and reading. The narrow shoulders of this volume are far too cramped to carry the burden of its ripe intelligence and "distilled prose." And there being "few joys in reading like the joy of the chase," we are glad to play the rôle of signpost and point the way, leaving the reader to his own discoveries. The book does bring us to our present point, however, that of regular, daily reading. Commuters have the advantage of other people in this, that a time margin is forced upon them which they can fill with pleasant, personal reading. By personal reading, of course, we mean the reading or rereading of one's own books, whose best passages are underlined and perhaps, flecked with "a stray ash of tobacco." "For we little men aren't capable of maintaining within us the greatness of such things and we have always to keep turning back to them from time to time, in order to quicken within us our impressions."

The late Sir Edmund Gosse said of his enviable library that "it is extremely personal," being "the accretion of more than half a century of effort originally directed not towards the creation of a library but towards the furniture of a mind." This "furniture" consisted of such admirable tomes as *Keats's Endymion*[1], a first issue; *The Faerie Queene*[2]; *Donne's Poems*[3]; *Joseph Andrews*[4]; *Boswell's Johnson*[5]; *Sentimental Journey*[6]; *The Vanity of Human Wishes*[7]!

Through books, more than any other way, we became acquainted with the secret creases of the minds of great and interesting persons. This is true to a rare degree in Hollanda's *Four Dialogues on Painting*[8], in which we are permitted to approach a great genius in the highest moments of his inspiration. These conversations take us nearer to Michael Angelo perhaps even than the intimate pages of Giorgio Vasari and Arcanio Condivi. Hollanda was a Portuguese artist of 20 when, in Rome, he talked with Michael Angelo who was then 64.

Up to Now,[9] by Martin Shaw, presents friendly gossip and anecdote about Hugh Walpole, Isadora Duncan, E. Gordon Craig, John Masefield, Augustus John, and others who move in literary and musical circles. But a masterpiece of psychological analysis is displayed on every page of J. Middleton Murray's *Keats and Shakespeare*[10] and Terry's *Life of Bach*[11]. Here we see the fermentations of experiences in the minds of a poet and a composer of the first order. It is a "high experience" in itself to read them. The beauty of Mr. D. B. Updike's typography is equal to the racy charm of *Lady Louisa Stuart*[12] in her piquant reminiscences of George Selwyn's indulgences.

G. B. Shaw in a letter to C. H. Norman, on the dramatic critics' reception of "Major Barbara," said . . "They (the critics) were unanimous in liking the first act best . . they want to know what I mean by the third act. The explanation is that the first act is farcical comedy which they understand and do not like; the second act is sociological comedy which they do not understand and do not like; and the third act is dramatic poetry, which is simply Chinese to them. . . ." We hazzard the guess that the dramatic poetry running throughout Charles Williams's *Myth of Shakespeare*[13] would not be mistaken for anything but dramatic poetry of a high order by even critics. And, incidentally, it is probably the most revealing life of Shakespeare[14] in our language.

In *A Testament of Beauty*,[15] Robert Bridges' recent and greatest poem (perhaps one of the greatest in our language), we see the wide experiences of a rich life passing in review. "Medicine, natural history, anthropology, physics, vie with philosophy and the arts in illustration of its developing argument. . . It is the tale of our spiritual evolution, enriched and solidified by the swift intuitions of a mind in which poetry has never flouted science.[16]"

THE OXONIAN.

(1) The Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y., has published a Type-Facsimile of the 1st edn. of Keats's *Endymion*, $3.50. (2) 2 vols., $7.00. (3) 2 vols., $10.00. (4) World's Classics edn., $.80. (5) India paper, cloth edn., $5.00; ¾ morocco, $6.50; pol. calf., $15.00; crushed levant, $17.50. (6) World's Classics edn. with Virginia Woolf Introduction, $.80. (7) Type-Facsimile Reprints edn., $2.00. (8) $2.25. (9) $2.50. (10) $5.25. (11) $7.50. (12) edn. limited to 250 copies, $12.00. (13) $1.75. (14) Complete works, 1 vol., $2.25. (15) Wm. Rudge Press limited 250 copies, $25.00. (16) From Times Literary Supplement Review.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 491)

THE MANUAL OF OCCUPATIONS. By *Rutherford Platt.* Putnam. $3.

THE THEORY AND HISTORY OF BANKING. By *Charles F. Dunbar.* Putnam. $2.

THE ENCOMIENDA IN NEW SPAIN. By *Lesley Byrd Simpson.* University of California Press.

ENGLISH PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL PHRASES. By *G. L. Apperson.* Dutton. $8.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SONG. By *John Goss.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

PILOT'S LUCK. By *Clayton Knight.* McKay.

COUNSELLOR MANNERS: His Last Legacy to His Son. By *Josiah Dare.* Coward-McCann. $2.50.

CONTRACT. By *George Reith.* Day. $1.

THE STORY OF CRIME. By *Judge Louis Harris.* Stratford. $2.50.

A BOOK OF MARIONETTES. By *Helen Haiman Joseph.* Revised edition. Viking. $3.75.

HANDBOOK OF LAW FOR WOMEN. By *H. Harcourt Horn.* Grafton Press.

ON THE UP AND UP. By *Bruce Barton.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

ENGLISH WILD LIFE. By *Eric Parker.* Longmans. Green. $1.40.

CICERO'S DE ORATORE AND HORACE'S ARS POETICA. By *George Converse Fiske* with the collaboration of *Mary A. Grant.* Madison, Wis.

DE OCULIS. By *Benevenutus Grassus* of Jerusalem. By *Casey A. Wood.* Stanford University Press. $5.

THE POOH CALENDAR. Verses by *A. A. Milne.* Decorations by *E. H. Shepard.* Dutton.

THE VERY YOUNG CALENDAR, 1930. Verses by *A. A. Milne.* Decorations by *E. H. Shepard.* Dutton.

Pamphlets

BACH. By *Charles Sanford Terry.* Oxford University Press.

THE SINGULAR PROBLEM OF THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By *James Hardy Ropes.* Harvard University Press.

POSTURE AND HYGIENE OF THE FEET. By *Philip Lewin.* Funk & Wagnalls.

THE SUPERMAN IN AMERICA. By *Benjamin de Casseres.* University of Washington Chapbooks.

Poetry

"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS." A Flower Anthology. By *Iolo A. Williams.* Hale, Cushman & Flint. $4.

THE TREE OF LIFE. By *Vivian de Solo Pinto* and *George Neill Wright.* Oxford University Press. $3.

THE GRUB STREET BOOK OF VERSES, 1929. Edited by *Henry Harrison.* Harrison. $3.

SECESSION IN ASTROPOLIS. By *Eugene Jolas.* Paris: Black-Sun Press.

STRANGE CITY. By *H. R. Hays.* Four Seas.

THE POET IN THE DESERT. By *Charles Erskine Scott Wood.* Vanguard. $2.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF GERALD GOULD. Payson & Clarke. $3.

ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. Savannah: The Poetry Society of Georgia.

POEMS OF JUSTICE. Compiled by *Thomas Curtis Clark.* Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.50.

REFRACTIONS. By *Leon Fleischman.* Liveright. $1.50.

TWENTIETH CENTURY LOVE POEMS. Compiled by *Caroline Miles Hill.* Willett, Clark & Colby.

THIS MAN'S ARMY. By *John Allan Wyeth.* Longmans, Green. $2.

PASS ON THE TORCH. By *Allen Eastman Cross.* Boston: Pilgrim Press.

War

FALCONS OF FRANCE. By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL. Boston: Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

Most readers have an intelligent acquaintance with the Great War as it was fought on land. Few of us know anything about the battles that were fought in the air. Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall—the co-authors of this joint fictionalized biography (devoted almost exclusively to their wartime experiences as pursuit pilots attached to the famous Lafayette Flying Corps)—are perfectly qualified to write this national anthem of the "joy stick." Their combined knowledge of military strategy has made it posible for them to describe lucidly and intelligently the invaluable rôle that the airplane served during the most crucial periods of the Great War. Sometimes this chronicle is so highly-charged with reality that, for a moment, it seems unreal. What is most pleasing, though, is the humility with which these aces describe their most dangerous conflicts. No attempt is made to be literary.

They merely—and this is no small job—tell the story of two patriotic American youngsters who enlisted in the French Air Service, before their eighteenth year, because it seemed the most exciting thing they could do. They wanted to be where the fighting was thickest. And although they got more than they bargained for in suffering and disillusion, they never regretted the years they spent fighting something greater than nature—The Enemy. Not even war, these writers inform us, destroyed the deep sense of sportmanship that existed in both camps. There was very little hatred expressed or felt toward the enemy. Ability, whether or not inimical, was always respected. We recommend this book unqualifiedly. It is an honest, informing, and throbbingly dramatic narrative.

WAR BEHIND THE SMOKE SCREEN. By WILLIAM C. ALLEN. Winston. 1929.

Mr. Allen has produced a curious book. His purpose is, of course, to strengthen the movement against war. He seems to believe that if people once understand how horrible war is, that nations will no longer fight. He quotes an editorial from the *Manchester Guardian* of December 12, 1925, as follows: "The best hope of avoiding war is to dwell on its beastliness rather than on its visionary refinements." "Absolutely true," says Mr. Allen. With this thought in mind he devotes twenty-two brief chapters to pointing out various disagreeable aspects of war: the lying propaganda, the oppressive censorship, the inspired hatreds, the deceptions practised, the bestiality of conflict, the criminality of reprisals, the profiteering, the sentimental war psychology of women, the corruption of young people. He even gives us some of the humor and the irony of war.

Most vigorously he goes after the churches and clergymen for their efforts to reconcile their support of war with their professions of Christianity. Mr. Allen proves up to the hilt that warfare is not Christian. He levies severe toll on the Christian leaders for their confusion of thought in this regard.

One lays down the book, however, with the feeling that it makes a very minute contribution to the solution of what is perhaps the greatest problem facing mankind—the attainment of a régime of peace. We know that war is horrible, we know that it works irreparable harm to body, mind, and spirit. We know that it is utterly irreconcilable with Christian principles. But Mr. Allen's predecessors have dwelt upon these aspects of war with fervent zeal and irresistible logic for nearly two thousand years and yet we are just emerging from the greatest war in history.

Mr. Allen quotes from Marshal Foch "It is only in the passions aroused in each man by the conflict that the combatant gains strength of will to face the hell of modern war. In the end the more enduring passion prevails." It is quite evident from any reading of history that it is futile to appeal to reason after the passions of war have been aroused. Neither the bestiality of war nor the fear of its increasing destructiveness has stopped or is likely to stop war until some other means of settling international conflicts have been made available. We have passed the time when argument is necessary to prove that war is undesirable. A constructive pacifist is the one who is working to make it improbable.

A SAGA OF THE SWORD. By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN. Macmillan. 1929. $2.50.

This book may be classed among those résumés whereby knowledge is nowadays so pleasantly offered us—a presentation of the pageantry of warfare from primitive man with his sacrificial club down to "tanks" on the Somme. It is done perhaps with more imagination than many of the other "outlines"—in a series of twelve sketches that portray the tactics and the battles, the life and the customs, of the period. Many of them are in the form of love stories as picturesque and as exciting as they must needs be—with the world's most dramatic backgrounds to choose from. It is a combination of fact and fiction usually unconvincing, but here rather skilfully welded. The stories of chivalry, friendships, loyalties, are often stirring, and the social and military history behind them undoubtedly authoritative. The "saga" is readable and informing.

Warefare, as Mr. Austin gives us it, is a progression of new devices for slaughter. The battles he describes are not the "decisive" ones we learned in school—not decisive strategically, but in the passing of old orders. We see the Roman legion succumbing to the mailed horsemen of the next thousand years, the passing of cavalry charges in the disastrous defeat of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in the Franco-Prussian war, and, finally, with the slow ominous advance of tanks over the battlefield, the "decline and eventual disappearance of infantry and cavalry and all field artillery that does not fire as it moves."

The stories woven out of such material as the Crusaders in Jerusalem, the Moors in Spain, the Courts of Love in Languedoc, are highly dramatic, and the historical figures are glorified throughout. Yet warfare itself is not made romantic, nor is it glorified. There is no apparent propaganda in the book. The hero is but a tiny figure on the tremendous tapestry, and as history advances into modern times, he is well-night lost.

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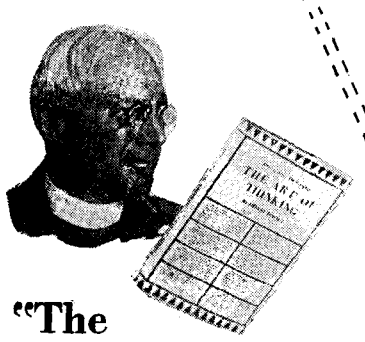

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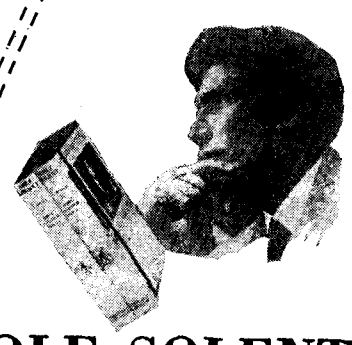

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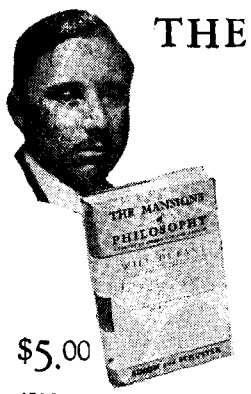

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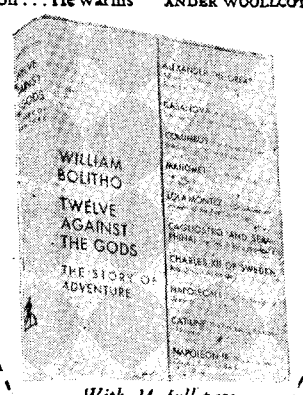

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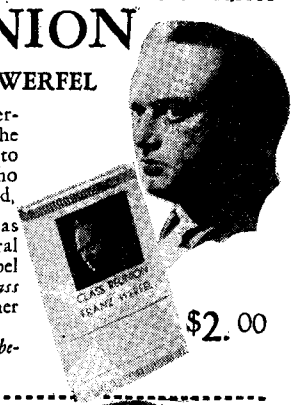

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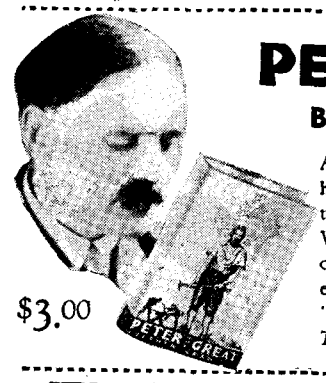

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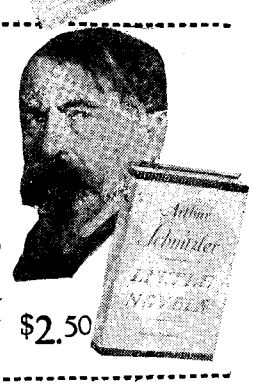

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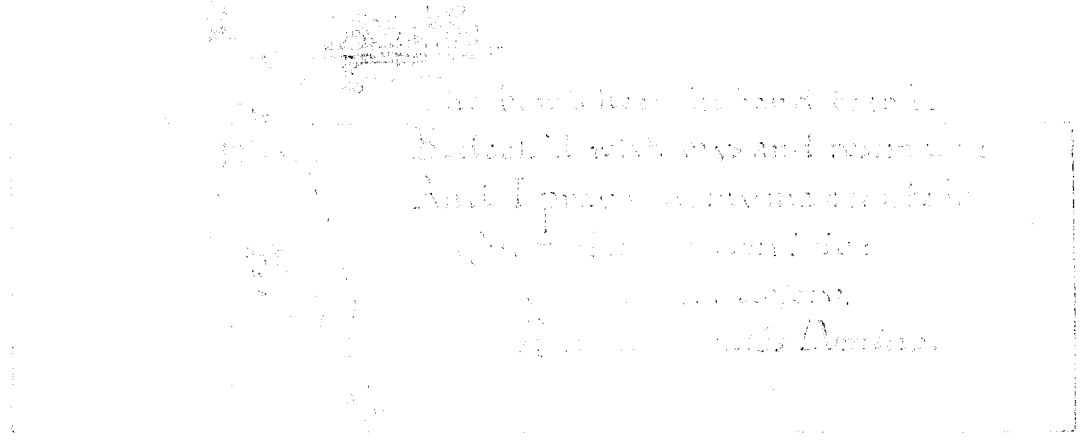

Christmas Number

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A FOOTNOTE TO SANTAYANA - - - *By* WALTER LIPPMANN

AN ANONYMOUS GENERATION - *By* ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

"IS SEX NECESSARY?" - - - -*Reviewed by* LEE WILSON DODD

"FRANKLIN" - - - - - - - - *Reviewed by* ALLAN NEVINS

"WEIR MITCHELL" *Reviewed by* ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

"A MODERN COMEDY" - *Reviewed by* HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

"THE BOOK OF PUKA PUKA"*Reviewed by* CHARLES NORDHOFF

"THE GOLDEN OCTOPUS" *Reviewed by* JAMES NORMAN HALL

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